THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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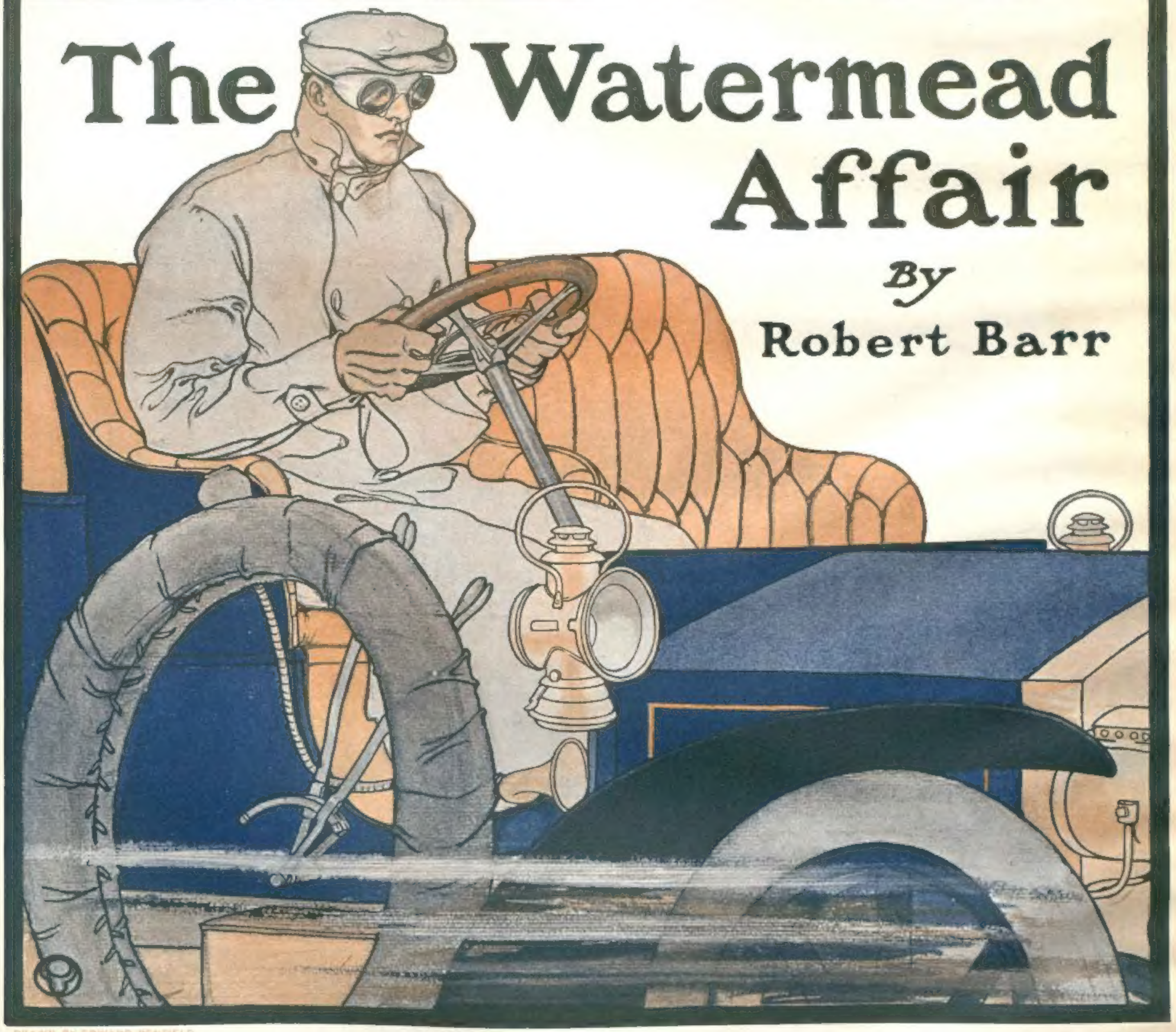
The Watermead Affair

By Robert Barr



DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

IN THIS NUMBER

The Headwaters of Justice—By Governor Deneen of Illinois

Smathers — By Lloyd Osbourne

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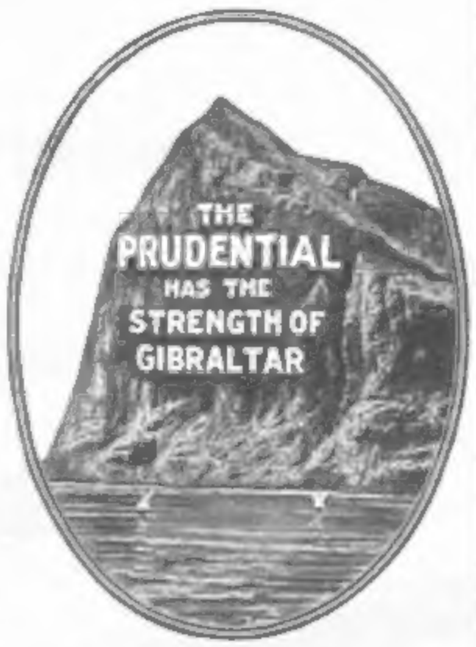

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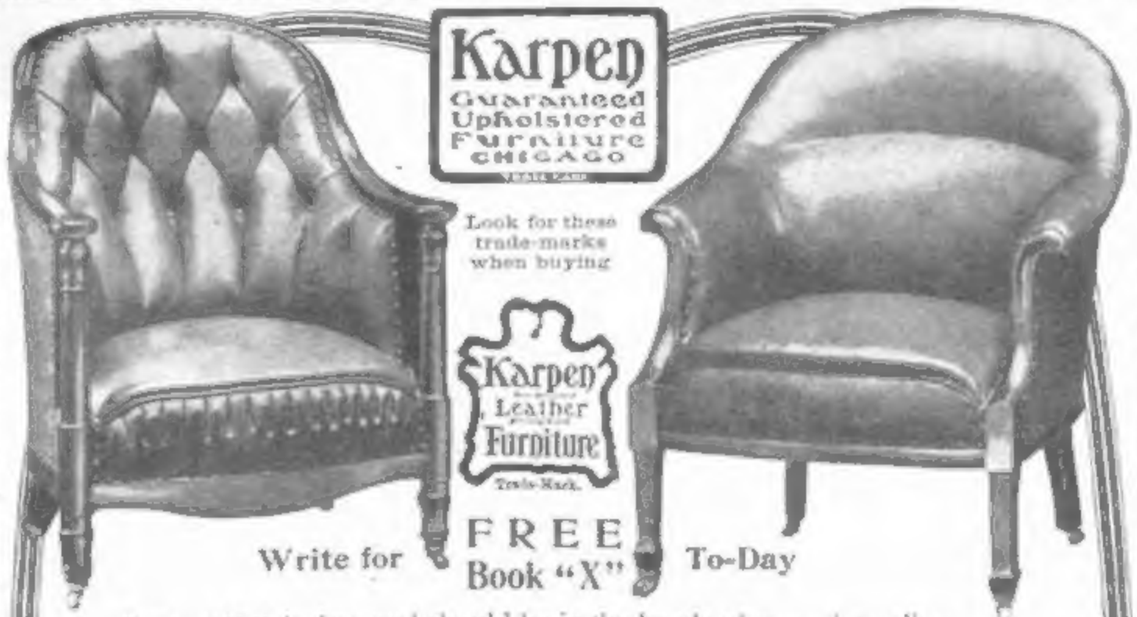

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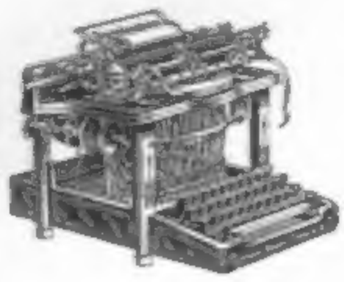

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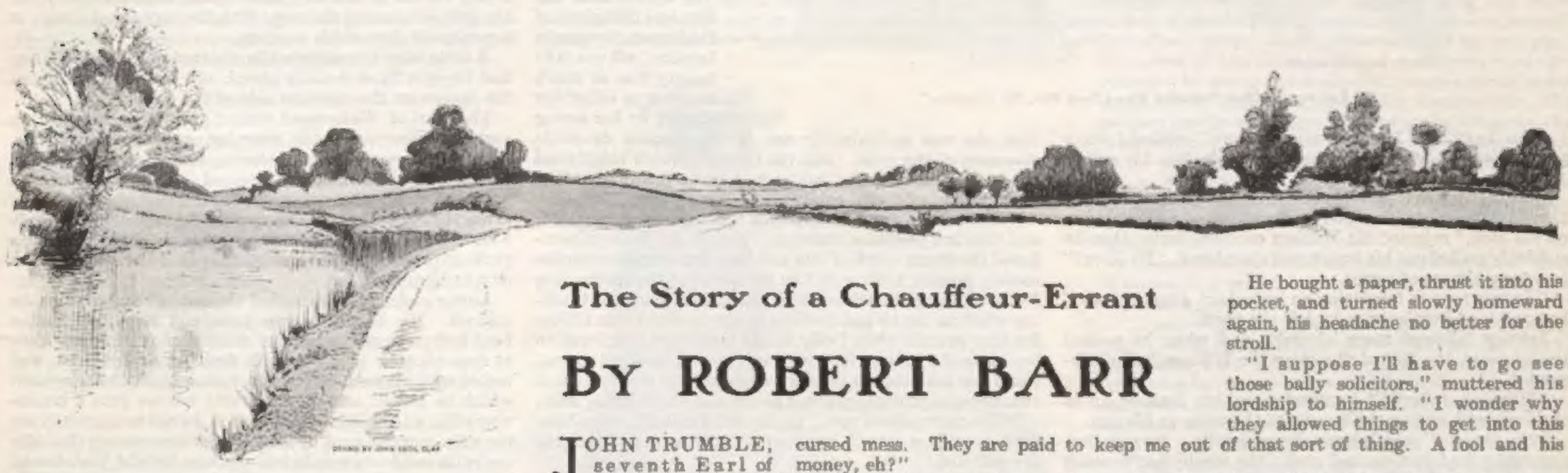
THE WATERMEAD AFFAIR



The Story of a Chauffeur-Errant

BY ROBERT BARR

JOHN TRUMBLE, seventh Earl of Watermead, was notoriously the best driver of a motor in London. The police admitted that, even when giving testimony against him. Watermead Manor is not much more than sixty miles from London, but when the young man did the distance from his park gates to the Marble Arch in fifty-six minutes on his new Brusier-Grolier, a machine of the same make which, to the eternal glory of France, had won the Gordon-Bennett Cup that year, the bench of magistrates universally agreed that his lordship had not only gone too far, but too fast.

The excuse which he gave the bench on this occasion came near to augmenting his fine. He said that he had been a week at Watermead, and suddenly there occurred to him the thought of the dreamy beauty of Marble Arch. England, he said, was deficient in the artistic sense, and in order that the impression might not pass away from him, and thus be lost forever, he leaped upon his motor, and came as quickly as he could to view the Marble Arch by moonlight; and his lordship assured the bench, almost with tears in his eyes, that the sight of the grimy marble had filled his mind with poetic thought, which should be encouraged in these days of commercialism. The senior magistrate dryly remarked that his position compelled him to take the commercial, rather than the poetic, view of his lordship's action, whereupon he fined him a sum about as near to the maximum as he could get without actually reaching it.

Yet it was but two days later that his lordship gave the Pullman express from Brighton three minutes start, overtook it, passed it, and would have beaten it into London had not the authorities, warned by telegraph, placed a barrier across the road south of Croydon, although they allowed the express to pass through, which Lord Watermead held was unfair treatment. He accused the express of furious loitering, to the exasperation of all passengers, and held that he should be commended for consenting to teach that train its duty. Instead of approval he received censure, and was mulcted a fine as heavy as the law allowed. He always referred to this race with the Brighton express as a delightful leisurely episode in an otherwise fast life, and claimed with pride that there had then been applied to him, for the first time in England, the term "Road-hog."

Readers of newspapers will remember the parallels which were drawn by talented writers between Lord Watermead's life and his motoring career. Twice, because of his reckless driving, grave magistrates had expressed regret that the law did not allow them to send his lordship to prison. The journal which had applied to him the designation of "Road-hog" consoled itself and the frightened public by the prediction that some day his lordship's wrist would act less quickly and less timely than the occasion demanded, with the result that his lordship and his three-thousand-pound automobile would be involved in one conclusive smash. On several occasions his own solicitors had warned him that he was going the pace that kills: not on the king's highway, but along the path of life he had chosen for himself. To all these danger-signals his lordship paid not the slightest attention, and when his solicitors sent him a registered letter, urgently pointing out, as tersely as legal language would allow, that on a certain day he must appear in his Majesty's Court, the Earl of Watermead did not even do the writers the honor of reading their communication, but had his valet carry out the rubbish, as he termed the heap delivered by the postman, which experience taught him consisted mainly of duns. The information which the solicitors sought to impart was therefore conveyed to him through another channel.

After a slight breakfast at two in the afternoon he strolled out into Piccadilly from his town house in the hope that a gentle walk would relieve the annoying headache which had made the day open gloomily for him, and when he had reached Piccadilly Circus he was startled, so far as such a self-contained man could be, by seeing in huge black letters on the contents-bills of the evening papers the words:

BANKRUPTCY OF THE EARL OF WATERMEAD

And on another sheet, in equally striking type, he read the phrase:

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

The End of Lord Watermead's Extravagance

He bought a paper, thrust it into his pocket, and turned slowly homeward again, his headache no better for the stroll.

"I suppose I'll have to go see those bally solicitors," muttered his lordship to himself. "I wonder why they allowed things to get into this cursed mess. They are paid to keep me out of that sort of thing. A fool and his money, eh?"

Six years before, at the age of twenty-one, John Trumble had come into the estate of Watermead, the town house, the Scotch shooting, and an income of thirty thousand pounds a year. Surely, if the solicitors were the business men they pretended to be, they could have got along with so much as that to work upon, especially as he never made any objection to signing whatever was presented to him!

Letting himself in with his latchkey, he was confronted by a burly, deferential person, so evidently belonging to the lower classes that his lordship wondered why he had been admitted. A slight uplifting of his lordship's eyebrows indicated the question which the lips did not utter, and the stranger hastened to reply, hat in hand, punctuating his remarks with frequent uplifting of the forefinger to the brow.

"My name is Bloggs, m'lord. I'm one of the men in possession, m'lord."

"Ah, really," replied his lordship courteously.

"All the servants have gone, m'lord. Your valet was the last to go, and he asked me to keep out of sight until he got your lordship's breakfast."

"That was very thoughtful," said John Trumble.

"And so, m'lord, we keeps out of your lordship's sight until your lordship goes out half an hour since."

"That was very kind of you," acknowledged Trumble. He thrust a hand into one pocket and found it empty. In the other, however, he came in contact with a solitary half-crown, which he produced and presented to the bowing Bloggs.

"Do you happen to know if my chauffeur has gone as well? If not, would you mind asking him to bring round No. 16 to the door?"

The day before the Earl of Watermead had owned sixteen automobiles, and the one he indicated by the number mentioned was the celebrated Brusier-Grolier. The modest Bloggs coughed slightly behind his hand.

"I'm afraid, m'lord, he's gone, but even if he was here he wouldn't be allowed to take away anything from the premises, m'lord. You see, they're taking an inventory, and our man with a man from your solicitors are a-doing of it at this moment, and nothing must leave the 'ouse without permission of the Court, m'lord."

"How interesting! Why should they be afraid of any one taking things away?"

"Well, m'lord, it's frequently done, or frequently attempted, in cases like this. You see, m'lord, everything must be produced at the sale, and we that are here are responsible for the safe-keeping of all the valuables."

"The sale?" echoed his lordship, and for the first time a slight frown ruffled his brow. "The sale! Ah, there's going to be a sale, is there? Quite so, quite so!"

He turned and went out, leaving the deferential Bloggs standing there. Once in Piccadilly again Trumble was about to call a cab, when he remembered that the extraction of the half-crown had left his pockets empty. Recollecting a spot where his signature on a check was good for ten pounds, his lordship turned down St. James Street and made for his club. Here he wrote out a check for that amount, handed it to a servant, who returned shortly afterward with the document still in his hand, and said in a hushed whisper:

"I am very sorry, my lord, but the secretary is not in."

"Very well," remarked Trumble shortly, thrusting the crumpled slip of paper into his empty pocket. He knew that the absence or presence of the secretary had nothing to do with the cashing of a check, and the thought crossed his mind—it had not occurred to him before—that, if there was a man in possession of his house, there was doubtless another in charge of his bank account. After all, it didn't much matter. He would merely need to borrow from one of his friends until the solicitors straightened out the tangle. He strolled into the smoking-room, which he found empty except for the presence of Sir William Dillow, who was standing by a table, languidly turning over the pages of some of the weeklies.

"Billy," said Trumble, "lend me fifty pounds till to-morrow."

"Hello, Johnny; that you?" cried Sir William cheerfully, looking up. "I've been waiting for you. Wanted to borrow a fiver. You don't mean to tell me you're stony broke, old man? Nothing serious in this rot the papers are printing, is there?"

"You are the Most Amazing Man I Ever Met, Mr. Trumble"

"Can't say until I've seen my solicitors," replied Johnny rather disconsolately, thrusting his hands into his empty pockets.

"Oh, I suppose it just means the Continent for a bit, and there's some jolly places over in France when a man's down on his luck," rejoined Sir William encouragingly; then he suddenly pulled out his watch and ejaculated, "By Jove!" in a tone almost of terror.

"I came near to forgetting an important appointment," he explained hurriedly as he left the room.

Johnny followed more leisurely, and when he paused irresolute at the top of the steps Sir William had disappeared.

"Hansom, m'lord?" inquired a cabby, dashing up to the curb and raising the handle of the whip to his cap.

"No, thanks," said Johnny almost gruffly. He saw that the cabby had just tucked under the strap that evening paper which had alluded to the case of a fool and his money. As he walked up the street the cabby slowly kept pace with him.

"Anywhere you like, m'lord," said the insistent man, bending from his perch.

"If you *must* know it," protested Johnny, "I haven't a bally penny in my pocket. Now make off with you."

"Right you are, m'lord. Step inside, m'lord. Where to, m'lord?"

The sporting proclivities of the Earl of Watermead had made him a great favorite with the cabmen of London. Johnny recognized the friendliness of the invitation, and after a moment's pause stepped inside, saying briefly, "The Temple."

"I'll wait for you, m'lord," said the cabby, as he drew up opposite the court which contained the offices of Watermead's solicitors. Johnny did not answer: an unaccustomed contraction of the throat made him reluctant to trust his voice. Things had come to a fine pass if quondam friends refused him accommodation, and he had to depend on the charity of a cabby making at best a few shillings a week. Despondently, therefore, the fool mounted the stairs which led to the chambers of the grim men who had often warned him of the consequences of his folly. Even here he was kept waiting in the anteroom for a few minutes, and then the clerk conducted him into the presence of Mr. Rolls himself.

"Well, Rolls, we seem to have got into a bally mess," began his lordship with a jauntiness he was far from feeling.

Mr. Rolls gravely inclined his head.

"I bought a paper this morning, but I haven't had time to read it. What is it all about, Rolls?"

The solicitor explained the situation in cold, legal terms which left nothing missing in the way of definiteness.

"Do you mean to say everything will be sold—jewels and all?" asked Johnny.

"Everything, my lord, except the heirlooms."

"Ain't I allowed to keep something: one automobile, for instance?"

The lawyer slowly shook his head.

"My lord," he said, "you have no legal right to the rings on your fingers, or the watch in your waistcoat pocket."

Johnny looked for a moment at the back of his outstretched hand, then he pulled off the rings and laid those ornaments on the table before the gentleman of law. Next he placed the watch and chain beside them. Old Mr. Rolls seemed taken aback by this action. He explained with some care, speaking as one fearing to commit himself to any illegal action:

"I am not the official custodian of such treasures, my lord. Perhaps it may be well to retain them until the Receiver makes formal application."

"Oh, very well, I'll keep the watch till it's asked for. The rings may go in with the rest of the plunder. Come to think of it, I never cared much about them, but Dolly presented them to me, and so I wore them."

The old man's brow lowered, and he commented severely:

"And I've no doubt she allowed the bill to be sent to you as well as the jewelry."

The young man laughed.

"Perhaps she did," he replied, nevertheless brightening at the thought of sweet, pretty, artless, little Dolly Carmichael, whose presence in the caste of that delightful musical comedy, The Spider and the Fly, was filling one of the largest theatres in London, where her beauty was so much superior to either her singing or her acting that she was undoubtedly one of the greatest dramatic successes of the year. But the thought which brightened the countenance of the young man cast a gloom over that of his elder, who said coldly:

"There is only one folly left for you to commit, my lord, and that is a penniless marriage," for old Mr. Rolls remembered the items which of late had been floating about in the society papers, hinting at the prospects of the fascinating Dolly's joining the aristocracy. The young man was thinking what an ass he had been to apply to that beast Dillow for fifty pounds when Dolly would have been overjoyed to lend him the money for a day or two. A man, of course, could not take money from a woman except as a loan, and that to be as promptly repaid as if it were a gambling debt.

"The court allows you," continued Mr. Rolls, "one hundred pounds a month until such time as your creditors are satisfied."

"A hundred pounds a month!" echoed the young man in dismay. "What can a fellow do on such a sum as that?"

"There are many living in London at the present moment on less," responded the old gentleman with the air of finality which one uses when making a statement that cannot be questioned.

"How long will it be before everything is straightened out?" inquired Trumble.

"That will depend entirely on the product of the sale. If the articles you have bought fetch anything like what you paid for them, the law will soon have little claim upon you."

"Ah, some of the things are at a premium. Three at least of the automobiles are." Then he laughed quietly to himself "But a good deal of the jewelry is where the courts won't get their hands on it, I think. Still, there's no good crying over spilt milk. Let me have the twelve hundred for the first year, and I won't trouble you any longer."

"I didn't say twelve hundred a year," replied the lawyer. "I said one hundred pounds a month."

"Same thing, isn't it?" asked the Earl.

"No, my lord, it is not. There is now due you one hundred pounds. Another hundred pounds will be paid on the first of next month."

His lordship whistled.

"Very well. Hand over the hundred. I'm stony broke."

The money was counted out to him and his receipt taken, whereupon his lordship went downstairs and handed the waiting cabman a golden sovereign.

"Thank you, m'lord. Where to, m'lord?"

"Half Moon Street," said the Earl, stepping into the cab.

The cabby smiled. He did not need to be told the number. He knew well the residence of the charming Miss Dolly Carmichael. The cab was compelled to draw up at a little distance from the door, because Sir William Dillow's thirty-horse-power Hardpan was opposite the front. The Earl recognized the machine. He dismissed the cabman with a word of thanks, and rang the bell.

"Not at home, my lord," said the powdered footman.

"I think," protested the Earl mildly, "that, if you take my name, you will find that the lady is in."

"Not at home, my lord," repeated the footman, which left no doubt in the hearer's mind that the instructions had been definite.

Before the door could be closed he heard the sweet, silvery, rippling laughter of Dolly in the hallway, a tribute to some remark made in the deep bass voice of Sir William Dillow. A moment later the pair appeared upon the threshold, Dolly as becomingly costumed as an automobile outfit would permit. She gave utterance to a little half-hysterical shriek on seeing Trumble standing there, but the young man's face was wreathed in smiles.

"How do you do, Dolly?" he said genially. "You look positively charming this afternoon, and a lovely day it is for a spin, too."

"I am so sorry," gasped Dolly, rapidly turning in her mind the first falsehood that came to hand; "but you see I was going out driving, so I said I was at home to nobody."

"Oh, of course!" said Johnny. "That's all right. I quite understand, but you see I recognized Billy's Hardpan here, and I remembered the fiver he wanted at the club an hour ago, when I hadn't a penny in my pocket. Glad to accommodate you, Billy." And with this he airily tendered to Dillow a five-pound note between his first and second fingers, which the other had not the presence of mind to refuse, being a bulky, unready man; so Johnny, lifting his hat to the lady, and waving a genial farewell to the pair, descended the steps with the easy nonchalance of a nobleman sure of his position.

A little later the automobile whizzed past. Sir William had his eyes fixed steadily ahead, and Dolly was gazing at the houses on the opposite side of the street.

The Earl of Watermead smiled grimly, and walked on and on. He crossed the river by some unnoted bridge, wandered through hideous streets, came out into a wider, tram-crowded thoroughfare, passed great emporiums the names of which were unfamiliar to him, and where the chief attraction to buyers was the prices displayed on big cards where the penny was split into farthings. He arrived at a park or common, and through that into the suburbs of a city to him unknown.

Lower and lower descended the sun, and on and on he walked. His headache was gone and forgotten, and a healthy hunger reminded him of the scanty breakfast taken at two o'clock. He began to feel physically tired, and rested with his arms stretched on the top of a fence against which he leaned, and regarded with intense gaze a brand-new villa. Although he stared at it, he did not actually see the villa, nor the card in the window announcing that this desirable residence was to let. He saw instead Watermead Manor, sixty miles away, and tried to imagine the bailiffs in possession, and the consternation of the old retainers who had not grabbed what they could and escaped, like the servants in his town house.

And yet, although his headache was gone, one thing rankled in his mind, and during the long walk had come to rankle more and more, and that was the phrase about the fool and his money. The sentence had not affected him in the least when he first saw it, but now, somehow, the realization that his money was gone, mostly among a lot of people who would not raise a finger to help him when a crisis came, angered and annoyed him. He agreed emphatically with that poster, and prefixed a wicked word before the term fool. His reverie was broken by an apologetic cough at his side, and then an inquiry:

"Are you thinking of taking this villa, sir?"

He turned abruptly on his questioner, and saw standing there a young man of about his own age, quite evidently an extremely respectable clerk, and not a disreputable nobleman. There was a trace of anxiety in the voice that had accosted him, and a trace of eagerness in the inquirer's face. The Earl at once set him down as an assistant in a land-agent's office, who hoped to make a commission by letting the villa, and his naturally kind disposition made him hesitate about dampening the other's hopes by an abrupt "No."

"Well," said his lordship frankly, "it seems, as the card says, a desirable residence, and then it's so nice and new."

"It's all that," replied the other with an air of despondency, "and it's bound to be snapped up before long, although it's rather dear. They want thirty pounds a year for it," he added in a note of warning.

"Bless my soul," exclaimed the Earl, "you don't mean to tell me so! Are you interested in the letting of it?"

"In a way I am. That is to say, I hope it won't be let for a while yet, because I should like to take it myself."

A Little Later the Automobile Whizzed Past

"Then why the deuce don't you?"

"I'd do it quick enough if I had another twenty-five pounds to my name."

"Ah, that's the trouble, is it? Well, money is not so easily picked up as some people seem to think."

"It is not," replied the young man emphatically. "You see, I get a hundred and fifty a year, and we could pay the rent and live very well on that, but then there's the furniture, and though I've got a bit saved, yet it's not enough to do justice to so fine a house."

"It is rather gorgeous," admitted the Earl, gazing again at the little villa. "But can't you get furniture on the what-you-call-it system, paying a bit at a time? Seems to me I've seen advertisements to that effect."

"Oh, yes," replied the stranger, "and that's what I'd like to do, but my sister-in-law thinks we shouldn't start by getting into debt."

"Ah, you're a married man, then?" suggested his lordship, interest awakening in spite of himself.

"No, not yet, but by the greatest piece of luck in the world I have become engaged to a girl who is far too good for me. She is a lady, and the daughter of our clergyman."

"I see, and the clergyman objected, or I venture to say his wife did."

"No, but the elder daughter did. The mother has been dead for some years, and the clergyman is a man absorbed in his books. He doesn't seem to take interest in anything else, but Kate—that's the eldest daughter—is very proud, and thinks gentlefolks ought to marry in their own class."

"Really! Well, gentlemen are not so bally particular, are they?" said the Earl, flinging back a lingering thought to Dolly, seated beside Sir William in the automobile, with her face turned away.

"Kate gave her consent at last, because Mary—that's my girl—just seemed to droop away when Kate refused to hear of our engagement. Of course, the father didn't count."

"And the drooping business did it?" remarked the Earl flippantly. "It's a powerful weapon that, with the women who know how to handle it."

The stranger seemed offended at this light way of talking about so serious a subject. He remained silent, and the Earl, quickly regretting his cynicism, said cordially:

"Do you mean to tell me that twenty-five pounds stands between two young people and happiness? That's absurd. I never knew happiness could be bought so cheaply. Take the villa, marry the girl in spite of the elder sister, and here's the twenty-five pounds."

The clerk's mild blue eyes opened wide, with first a glimmer of alarm in them, which presently kindled to a spark of resentment as the suspicion awakened that he was being played with—his sacred confidences made the subject of an ill-timed joke. He shrank back a step, and placed his right hand on the fence-rail to steady himself.

A very winning smile hovered round his lordship's lips as he noticed the speechless confusion of the young fellow confronting him.

"There are various perplexities floating through your mind at the present moment, none of which matters in the least. Let me assure you that there is but one problem in this transaction which merits your attention."

"What is that?" asked the clerk huskily.

"Whether these notes are genuine or not. Take them round to the nearest tradesman, and he will solve the question for you."

"I don't need to do that," murmured the clerk. "I finger many a note, although I own so few of them."

"Then finger these," said the Earl.

The clerk took them like a man in a dream, and very expertly ran each of the five crisp, crackling bits of white paper between finger and thumb.

"Yes, they're good enough," he muttered.

He gazed at the villa, feeling the need of mental support, as the moment before he had felt the need of physical support against the fence. The villa stood there in its red-brick commonplaceness. It required all its smug conventionality to give even a semblance of saneness to the situation.

"My name's Richard Maitland. I'm an accountant in the city on three pounds a week. May I ask who you are?" The thought of the city, the influence of the villa, were having their effect. The young man had pulled himself together.

The Earl laughed at the recovery.

"My name is John Trumble," he replied.

"What's your line?"

"My line? My occupation, you mean?" His eyes scrutinized the gravel at his feet for a moment, then he looked up frankly. "I am by way of being a chauffeur."

"A chauffeur? Ah, there's good money in that, I'm told. Are you out of a job?"

"Yes."

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"I didn't. It left me."

"For whom were you working?"

"The Earl of Watermead."

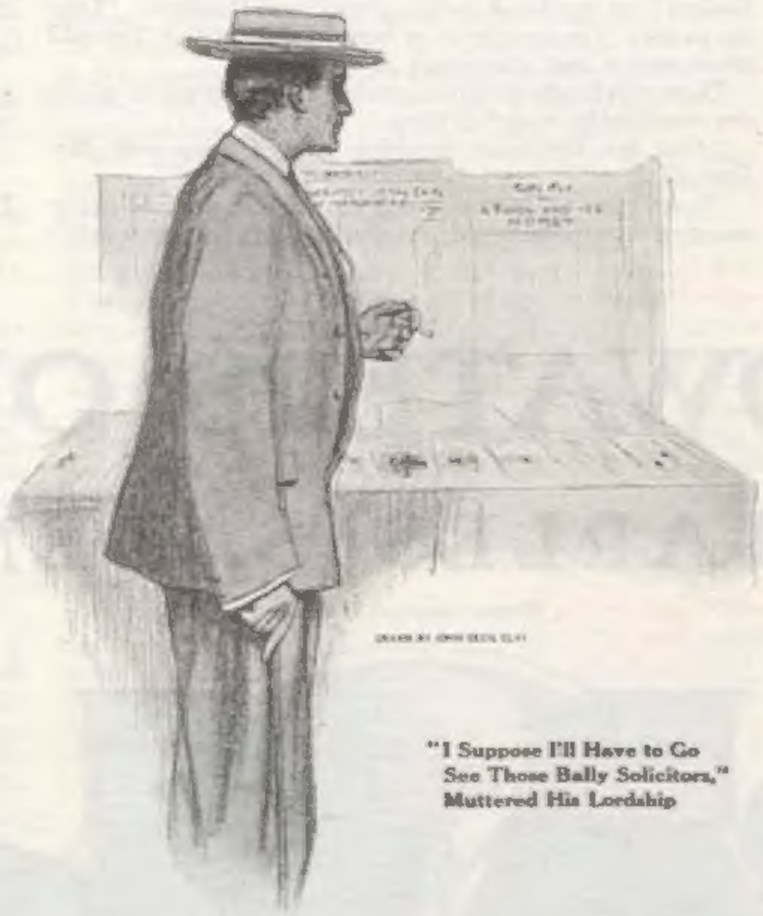
"What, the chap who went smash?"

"Exactly. The chap who went smash."

"Then this is some of his money?" said Maitland, with a tone of relief he took no pains to conceal.

The Earl laughed with more heartiness than had hitherto been the case.

"You have tracked the notes to their origin with the infallibility of a detective. Great Heavens, how suspicious you are! What did you take me for? A burglar?"

"No, no," protested Maitland hurriedly. "Any one can see at a glance you are an honest man. No, what I was thinking about was another job. I know a man who wants a chauffeur: Doctor Mead, who lives next door to the Reverend Mr. Erroll. I don't think he'd like to give more than thirty shillings a week, though. You see, it's rather a small car: a doctor's car, they call it, but he doesn't seem able to manage it himself. He's getting on in years, is Mr. Mead, and he's afraid of it, but his practice is growing, and he wants to keep up with the times. You would have your board and lodging, of course."

"I Suppose I'll Have to Go See Those Bally Solicitors," Muttered His Lordship

"Why, that's splendid," said the Earl, without as much enthusiasm in his voice as his statement might have inferred. "You're a fine chap, Maitland, thinking more of another man's welfare than your own. Let's get back to your affairs. May I take it that the villa is secured, and the wedding bells will ring presently?"

A shade of doubt crossed Maitland's face.

"I don't quite know what to say to Kate."

"That's the sister, is it?"

"Yes."

"The terror of the household, eh?"

"Oh, no, no! But Kate's a girl you can't lie to. Mary would believe anything I told her, but you must have a very straight story if you are to meet those steady, honest eyes of Kate."

"How inconvenient," commented the Earl. "Then why not tell her the truth—as a last resort?"

Maitland glanced at the five-pound notes in his hand, then turned his gaze resolutely on the villa once more. He sighed deeply.

"If you think I can tell Kate Erroll that I met a complete stranger in the street who handed over twenty-five pounds to me without security and without my asking for the money, well——" Here speech failed him. Then, with a sudden burst of resolution he cried: "Here, I can't take your money! You're out of a job, and I'm not."

"Don't worry about me," said the Earl, pulling from his trousers' pocket nearly seventy pounds in notes and gold.

"I cannot accept the money," replied Maitland with decision.

Trumble received it back, and thrust it into his pocket, then, placing his hand on the other's shoulder, he said:

"You arouse a certain amount of opposition. I am accustomed to having my own way, but this seems an exceptional day, and I have been checkmated several times already. I see, however, what's the trouble with you. You are afraid of Kate."

"Yes, I am," admitted Maitland.

"Kate is the old-maid sister?"

"Oh, no, she isn't! She's not twenty-two yet."

"Not pretty, then, and perhaps a little jealous of her sister's good fortune?"

Maitland made a gesture of impatience.

"She's the handsomest girl in the neighborhood, but holds herself aloof."

"Distant, and a little proud, perhaps. I see. Nevertheless, you're afraid of her. I'm not. How far from here is the rectory, or the vicarage, or whatever it is?"

"About a quarter of a mile."

"Good. We can't get a cab in this forlorn spot, but the walk won't hurt us. Lead me to Kate, and introduce me."

"Will you come?" asked Maitland eagerly, the light in his eyes vacillating between hope and fear.

"Come? Am I not imploring you to take me? I am beginning to suspect you of selfishness, trying to get out of your promise regarding that medical situation at thirty bob a week, with board and lodging."

"No, I hadn't forgotten that. Come along."

They left this newer section of the district, and penetrated into wide and shaded streets, with a look of homely comfort about them. Each house stood in its own plot, and some of the older-fashioned residences were surrounded by grounds unexpectedly ample, with broad green lawns, large trees and thick shrubberies. The rectory proved to be one of these secluded spots, the walls of thick green allowing no portion of the grounds to be seen from the road, except at the gate. The house was a low and long two-storied building, the ground-floor windows reaching down to the green lawn. Maitland paused almost in awe with his hand on the gate.

"You understand now," he said in a low voice, "what it means to a man in my position to be received in a home like this."

"I see," replied the Earl with that frank smile of his. "You are marrying above you, as the penny novelettes have it, and you'd like to caution me for your sake to try and make a good impression upon the inmates. All right, I'll do my best, but remember, it's the man without fear who conquers. I fancy you are holding yourself a little too humbly."

"No, I wasn't going to say that, but I should have told you that Miss Erroll is a most accomplished, well-read young lady, who——"

"Yes, I know, I know. Will you open the gate, or shall I?"

Maitland opened the gate. In the most secluded part of the grounds, under the branches of an ancient gigantic beech, a tea-table was spread. Beside it, in a deep arm-chair of cane, sat a venerable gentleman with a huge book open upon his knee. A very trim, prim maid, in white and black, was bringing a plate of cake across the level lawn. A fluffy girl, with fluffy auburn hair, in a fluffy white dress was seated on a little camp stool, and when she heard the gate click, and saw who had come in, she sprang to her feet with a delicious little childlike cry of joy, and raced across the lawn to meet them. A taller, darker girl stood by the tea-table, her serious, beautiful face turned toward the newcomers.

"Ah," said the Earl softly, "that's Kate, is it?" as he met the unwavering regard of those fine eyes.

"No, this is Mary," said Maitland innocently, and when she had come up to them: "My friend, Mr. Trumble—Miss Mary Erroll."

Mary shook hands very cordially with the stranger, then she whisked round, linked arms with her lover, and thus the trio approached the standing Diana of the tea-table, whose air of quiet dignity lacked the exuberant welcome which the other had impetuously extended.

"Miss Erroll," said Maitland, a little waveringly, deference and gentle beseechment in his voice, "my friend, Mr. Trumble."

The young lady inclined her head.

"Mr. Erroll—Mr. Trumble."

The old man paid no attention. His elder daughter put her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Father!" she said.

He looked up at her, saw the stranger, and nodded.

"You are very welcome, sir." Then, including Richard in his smile, he sank once more into his book, and it was quite evident a moment later that the company and his daughters had vanished from the face of the earth so far as he was concerned.

"We've been expecting you, Richard, for nearly half an hour," said Kate reproachfully.

"Yes, I was—I was—er—unexpectedly detained—er—I met—I went round to the villa, you see, and—er——"

"It is all my fault, Miss Erroll," interrupted the Earl calmly. "I held him, as the wedding guest was held on a former occasion."

The girl looked intently at him. She had seen well-dressed young men before, but there was something in the cut and fit of Trumble's clothes that was different; something in his air of nonchalance that was different; something in the almost insolent ease with which he seated himself in the wicker chair which the maid had brought, that Miss Erroll had never met with before. However, he

did not seat himself until she had done so; then he went on indolently:

"Not only did I detain him, but in the most unblushing way I begged an invitation to accompany him."

"I am very glad he brought you," said the young woman coldly. "And now may I give you some tea?"

"You may give *me* some tea," said John Trumble smiling, "but my friend Maitland must wait. You see, Miss Erroll, I am by way of being a chauffeur out of employment, and Maitland was good enough to say he thought the doctor next door might employ me. Maitland, you must know how often these affairs are jeopardized by even a moment's delay. I implore you to see Doctor Mead at once, and I suggest that Miss Mary here go with you, to use her influence in my favor."

Kate Erroll leaned back in her chair in dumb amazement at this impudent disposal of her guests by the debonair young stranger who sat smiling before her. Blank dismay sat on the countenance of Richard Maitland at this inauspicious display of his new friend's diplomacy, but the tension of the situation was relieved by the volatile Mary, who sprang laughing to her feet.

"What a good idea!" she exclaimed. "Come along, Dick, and we'll have tea with Mr. and Mrs. Mead." With this she whirled her amazed lover to the right-about, and sped before him across the lawn toward a little gate in the boundary hedge, which indicated a certain friendly familiarity between the two households. Maitland followed doubtfully. Miss Erroll leaned back very still and severe in the seat of judgment, and the young man saw that the verdict was against him by the deep resentment visible on her brow.

"There," he cried airily, "we're quit of them! A pair of self-absorbed lovers are always in the way of sensible people like you and me, Miss Erroll, and, in spite of all that has happened, you *did* promise me a cup of tea, you know."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Kate, brought to a sudden realization of her own failure as a hostess. "Cream and sugar?" she asked.

"Both, if I may be so greedy."

She passed the cup across the table to him, and as he took it he said with a quiet, almost caressing inflection:

"I understand it all now: it seemed incomprehensible when I first saw you."

"You understand what?" asked the girl shortly.

"Why Richard is afraid of you."

"Afraid of me?" she questioned, startled out of the impassiveness she had imposed upon herself. "Richard is not in the least afraid of me!"

"Oh, he lives in a state of abject terror, which seemed to me unmanly when I learned of it! But now that I have seen those eyes of yours darken, and watched the gathering lightning in their depths, comprehension has come to me. Half an hour ago I said rashly to my friend Maitland: 'Take me to her; I'm not afraid of her.' I don't think I should make such a rash statement now."

There was interest mixed with the displeasure with which she steadfastly regarded him.

"You are the most amazing man I ever met, Mr. Trumble."

"I am glad to hear you say so. There are not many amazing men in the world; most of us seem to be cast in the same mould. I think I must be improving. I was one of the conventional lot myself until this morning."

"And what happened this morning?" asked Kate, before she could stop herself.

"Oh, I was startled out of my complacency! I lost my situation as chauffeur."

"You are no chauffeur," she said impulsively.

"Ah, you do me an injustice! If ever you saw me drive an automobile in a difficult place you wouldn't say that."

"If you ever drove an automobile it was your own."

Trumble shook his head, smiling.

"I wish I possessed one," he replied. "But, that I may not thus enter the Garden of Eden under false pretenses, I must tell you that everything I own is on my back and in my pocket."

"I do not believe you," she rejoined, the brow still clouded.

"Then my friend Maitland flattered you. He said no one could tell a lie in your presence, and the natural inference was that you would recognize truth when you heard it. I regret to find that such is not the case. I have done many reprehensible things in my life, but no one ever called me a liar before."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I have not called you that!"

"People in our circle do not say it crudely, as they do, perhaps, in Whitechapel, but the intimation was there, nevertheless."

"Then I apologize," said Miss Erroll primly.

"And I accept your apology unreservedly. And now may I hope that we are back within the lines of friendship again?"

(Continued on Page 25)

THE HEADWATERS OF JUSTICE

By CHARLES S. DENEEN

Governor of Illinois

IS IT not a fact that the office of State's attorney is the most powerful and important office, so far as the interests of the people are concerned, that we have under our form of State government?

This question was put to me, not long ago, by a newspaper man and I was obliged to answer, "Yes." There is no escaping the fact that no officer of the State is in position more powerfully to serve the cause of good government than is an able, honest and fearless State's attorney. This is because he is *the people's lawyer*, the legal protector, in his community, of the people's rights and the interests of good government, the man who must *take the initiative* in applying the arm of the law, in the higher courts, to those who are believed to be defying it. By the same token, an incompetent, supine or venal State's attorney can do more to foster a contempt of law than any other one agency.

This fact does not seem to be generally understood, or at least commonly appreciated. His attitude toward the law he is expected to enforce will be instantly and subtly reflected by the whole community. Not only will the criminal classes arrive at this matter by the exercise of a kind of sixth sense, but the normally decent elements of society will intuitively respond to this attitude by a moral relaxation that will be quite unconscious, at least for the time being, to those who are naturally the friends of law and order. Only those who are aggressive in their morality, who are the spine of the community, can hope to escape the spell cast over the public by a crooked or an incapable State's attorney. And sometimes even these sentinels of good government fall asleep until conditions become so rank that they compel attention.

It is probably too much to say that there is no limit to the civic good that a State's attorney can accomplish who has courage, capacity, energy and health in unstinted measure; but the statement is safe that the extent to which a venal State's attorney can debauch the moral sentiment of a community can scarcely be overestimated. Of course, it must be remembered that the average State's attorney will not rise far above the average of public sentiment held by his constituents—unless the community is jolted by some vital force that sets in motion the energies of reform. But if the State's attorney *has within himself that force* which puts him high above the average, then he can exert this energizing influence upon his community.

While the official title and the powers and duties of the State's attorney vary somewhat in different commonwealths, they are everywhere essentially the same. He is the people's lawyer, the local attorney-general, whose jurisdiction is confined to his own county. If that county chances to contain a great city, then his office will, perhaps, handle a larger volume of business than that of the attorney-general of the State.

In Cook County, Illinois, in which Chicago is located, the State's attorney's office was interested in 7500 cases tried in justice courts annually. Of these, fully 4000 were cases which required investigation on the part of the grand jury. Indictments were brought in not less than seventy per cent. of these, which were then required to be tried in the lower courts. More than 200 habeas corpus cases each year required the attention of the State's attorney's office, and, in the person of his assistants, he attended at least seventy-five coroner's inquests. Add to this the hearing of thousands of personal complaints and thousands more of personal pleas, and it will be seen that a State's attorney in a big city is an executive at the head of an elaborate department of justice. He is an administrative official who must leave much, not to say most, of his work to be carried out in detail by lieutenants.

Generally speaking, the work of a State's attorney in a rural county is as different in nature as it is in volume from that of the people's lawyer in the metropolis. In most instances he is able to depend upon a wholesome moral sentiment in support of a vigorous prosecution of offenders. He may have his troubles in enforcing the law touching offenses regarding which there is a chance for a division of sentiment; but the graver crimes are, as a rule, so abhorrent to the people of the country districts that the State's attorney there is spared certain forms and phases of opposition to a vigorous and prompt prosecution that the metropolitan official in that position is constantly compelled to meet and overcome.

However, the duties are the same in the country and in the city, and, at bottom, so are the methods by which they may be most successfully discharged. Here are the principal duties of the people's lawyer as they are defined by the statutes of Illinois:

First: To commence and prosecute all actions, suits, indictments and prosecutions, civil and criminal, in any court of record in his county, in which the people of the State or county may be concerned.

Second: To prosecute all forfeited bonds and recognizances, and all actions and proceedings for the recovery of debts, revenues, moneys, fines, penalties and forfeitures accruing to the State or his county, or to any school district in his county; also, to promote all suits in his county against railroad or transportation companies which may be prosecuted in the name of the people of the State.

Third: To commence and prosecute all actions and proceedings brought by any county officer in his official capacity.

Fourth: To defend all actions and proceedings brought against his county, or against any county or State officer, in his official capacity, within his county.

Fifth: To attend the examination of all persons brought before any judge on habeas corpus, when the prosecution is in his county.

Sixth: To attend before justices of the peace and prosecute charges of felony and misdemeanor, for which the defender is required to be recognized to appear before a court of record, when in his power to do so.

Seventh: To give his opinion, without fee or reward, to any county officer and to justices of the peace, in his county, upon any question of law, relating to any criminal or other matter, in which the people of the county may be concerned.

Eighth: To assist the attorney-general whenever it may be necessary; and in cases of appeal or writ of error from his county to the supreme court, to which it is the duty of the attorney-general to attend, he shall, a reasonable time before the trial of such appeal or writ of error, furnish the attorney-general with a brief, showing the nature of the case and the questions involved.

Ninth: To pay all moneys received by him in trust, without delay, to the officer who, by law, is entitled to the custody thereof.

Tenth: To perform such other and further duties as may, from time to time, be enjoined on him by law.

Eleventh: To appear in all proceedings by collectors of taxes against delinquent taxpayers for judgments to sell real estate, and see that all the necessary preliminary steps have been legally taken to make the judgment legal and binding.

There are still other functions demanded of the State's attorney, but these are sufficient to indicate the wide scope of his duties and the extent of the power in his hands for good or for ill.

The lesser offenses—if so they may be called—such as larcenies, burglaries and cases of physical violence, come to light through the police or constabulary, are taken to the justice courts, and from there to the grand jury.

Certain classes of crimes are likely to be brought directly to the attention of the State's attorney by the victims of the offense. In this list forgery, conspiracy and arson should be named. Not infrequently murder cases are first investigated by the State's attorney. Poisoning cases are especially likely to come into this category. Certain classes of public wrongs are likely to be brought to the State's attorney's attention through civic societies of a "reform" nature.

Right here, however, is one of the situations in which the State's attorney is called upon to give proof of his judgment and his courage. Very often the members of the civic society do not discriminate between the "moral certainty" and legal evidence. They are inclined to take the layman's viewpoint which loses sight of the technical question of legal proof and takes large account of the moral wrong which they are "satisfied" has been committed. The evidence by which that wrong is to be placed before a jury for action is not, in many instances, so well considered by the civic and reform society as are the broad moral aspects of the case. This accounts for the failure of thousands of prosecutions originating with well-meaning and public-spirited societies whose zeal outweighs their knowledge of the facts and the law, of legal evidence and of the application of the statutes.

Quite naturally, perhaps, the State's attorney is usually blamed, and often denounced, when he will not push a case of this kind. If he is unduly sensitive to public opinion, he will, perhaps, prosecute the case when he knows that there is no chance of conviction. Then arises the pertinent question: Is such a course justifiable?

Generally speaking, no State's attorney has any business to enter upon a prosecution which he believes has not a reasonable chance of success. To fail in a prosecution weakens the public confidence in the prosecutor and in the office which he holds. A State's attorney who begins his career by a series of prosecutions which result in acquittals soon finds the public—including his juries—inclined to feel that, very likely, there are as slight grounds for prosecuting the cases then on trial as for pushing those in which he has already failed to make good. In other words, repeated failures deprive the State's attorney of that public support which is absolutely necessary to success.

All this is not saying that cases are not liable to arise in any community wherein high moral considerations justify prosecution when, at the outset, conviction seems doubtful. However, cases of this kind are rare.

There is, however, one consideration which should act as a positive stop to prosecution. If the preparation of a case brings to the State's attorney evidence which convinces him of the innocence of an indicted person, he should *nolle pros.* the case. And I am convinced that a public prosecutor is justified in taking a still broader attitude in this important matter: if diligent and conscientious efforts have failed to place in his hands evidence sufficient to convince him that the accused is guilty, then he should abandon prosecution; so it seems to me. In other words, I cannot conceive of a situation which would justify a State's attorney in prosecuting a case against a person of whose probable guilt he is not morally convinced.

By all means the most difficult cases coming before a State's attorney are those in which there is a doubt as to whether the crime in question has actually been committed. It is scarcely too much to say that, once the actual commission of the crime is established, the other steps in the process of conviction are comparatively easy. Of course, this is not literally true, but it is so nearly so that it may be accepted with only slight reservation.

And this observation leads straight to one of the most dependable working principles upon which a conscientious prosecutor may place reliance. No deduction which I am able to draw from my own experience as a State's attorney is so vital and important, it seems to me, as this: When the public knows that a certain crime has been committed and that it will be honestly prosecuted, the agitation of the public conscience will cause the private conscience of some individual having a guilty knowledge of the crime to reveal the evidence needed for conviction. Those who are versed in the intricacies of criminal psychology may explain why this is so; I only know that, as a public prosecutor, I found it a most reliable working principle, and other lawyers for the people have assured me that their experience has been similar to my own in this particular.

In fact, I am convinced that I have stated this interesting principle altogether too narrowly. My own belief in the old adage that "murder will out" is almost absolute. In all save the most abjectly depraved beings, the human mind seems compelled to throw out the information of a rank crime as naturally and as inevitably as the stomach expels any nauseating and abhorrent substance.

Certainly the fermentation that results in the public mind, when a community is awakened to the knowledge that a serious crime has been committed and that the appointed agencies of retribution are at work, seldom fails to eject from some quarter a clue to the crime. Many confirmed and hardened criminals recognize the operation of this law of human nature and live in fatalistic fear and dread of the time when it shall place its heavy hand upon their shoulders and compel them to settle their score. But its operation is more readily observed in the case of men who are not confirmed or professional criminals, who are generally regarded as respectable members of society, and who do not consider themselves as "criminals."

I recall one case involving a conspiracy to destroy competition and to create a monopoly permitting the conspirators to dictate the price of a certain article of universal consumption. At first only a slender clue reached the State's attorney's office. A period of groping and guessing followed. Suddenly a stroke of rare good fortune brought to light absolute evidence of the conspiracy. But, as is frequently the case, that evidence was given on the pledge from the State's attorney's office that its source would not be revealed.

It could not be used as evidence, either before the grand jury or, later, before the court. In fact, its details could not so much as be related to those persons working on the case under the direction of or in association with the State's attorney. Every iota of evidence must be confirmed from other sources; the only thing gained from the informant in question was the positive knowledge that the conspiracy existed.

Depending upon the principle which I have emphasized, the State's attorney made those moves which the shrewd reporters for the newspapers at once interpreted as indicating that he had evidence of the conspiracy, and that the indictment of certain prominent business men was a foregone conclusion. The result of this publicity was all that the State's attorney had hoped. Almost instantly the very information most desired was brought from unexpected sources and the conspirators were indicted and convicted.

Nothing short of continued and substantial success in the prosecution of difficult cases is so well calculated to give confidence to the conscientious lawyer for the people as is a well-grounded faith in this peculiar principle of human nature. He may lean upon it with almost complete reliance. It will not, of course, take the place of intelligent and persistent investigation; it will not prosecute his cases for him; but it will, if he is known to be an earnest prosecutor, bring up from dark and secret places and at the hour of sharpest need the evidence required to satisfy the demands of justice and secure conviction.

There is still another agency upon which the experienced prosecutor learns to rely for the production at the critical time of evidence without which the cause of justice and the good of society would seem to suffer. I refer to the action of that great, mysterious Power which men commonly call "The hand of Providence." Perhaps the action of this influence was never more notably illustrated than in the trial of the great Cronin case. Luther Laflin Mills, who had for two terms been State's attorney of Cook County, was again called upon to serve the State as special counsel in the prosecution of this case, which many regard as the most celebrated in the criminal annals of the country. Not long ago Mr. Mills recalled, to the writer, this famous trial in about these words:

"This case, the preparation and trial of which involved about seven months' acute strain, was the severest ordeal through which I ever passed, and the most impressive element in the entire case, from the viewpoint of the prosecution, was the marvelous manner in which the hand of Providence intervened, at the most acute emergencies, to bring forth from secret places the facts without proof of which the prosecution must fail. Your professional criminal lawyer is not, as a rule, perhaps inclined to be especially reverent; but there was not a lawyer on the side of the State in that trial who was not compelled by the strange and dramatic incidents of the case solemnly to recognize that a Power higher than the State or its servants operated in the most astounding and unlooked-for manner to protect the interests of truth and prevent the triumph of crime and its false defenses.

"It will be remembered that immediately after the disappearance of Doctor Cronin telegrams came to Chicago from Toronto and other points declaring that

The Coming Big Leaguer

By J. W. Foley

shee says shee doant like boys butt u just bett
iff shee cood see me turn a summersett
ur swimmen cleer acrost uv Joanses crick
sheed change hur mind abowt it mitey kwick.
shee duz nott no thatt I hav walked acrost
owr yard on a slakk wire ann neavur lost
mi balluns wuns ann iff she eavur sees
me chinn myself uppon thee hi trapeeze
sheel no shee was too hastie wenn shee sedd
boys are no good butt shee likes catts instedd.

purhapps the trubble is thee boys shee nose
are awl thee kind thatt onley wares fine close
butt have no reckered too be prowd uv. Wenn
she heers ime pitchen in thee bawl teem thenn
sheel onley bee too glad to no mi naim
ann speke too me. butt I wil say mi faim
brings sutch a lott uv guris too see me ime
afrade I reely havent gott the time
to ride hoam in hur carridge butt I may
find time too stopp ann talk sum uther day.

iff shee cood see me praktissen too malk
mi mussels hard ur iff sheed see me brake
a string bi bringen upp mi arm sheed no
I am no commun stuff. Ann I can thro
too kinds uv curves ann sumday I wil bee
in thee bigg leeg ann shee wil kum to see
mee shutt um owt ann wenn the gaim is wun
sheel send fore me to kum ann say wel dun
ann shee ann awl hur frends will bee so gladd
to think shee noo me wenn ime butt a ladd.

he had been seen there, and creating the inference that he had secretly sailed for England. Then, fourteen days after his disappearance, a naked body was found in a manhole, in Lake View, Chicago, which was identified as Doctor Cronin's by many of his friends. However, there was a lack of positiveness in some of those identifications that was disheartening to the prosecution.

"Of course, every resource of the defense was brought into play to magnify this lack of positiveness in the matter of identification. Meantime the defense was building up a clever structure of evidence to show that Doctor Cronin had fled to England and had finally drowned himself in the River Thames. The very afternoon when this element in the testimony reached a critical stage, a police officer touched my arm and asked me to leave the court-room for a few moments. This I did, and when we were alone he told me that a crew of sewer men had taken from a manhole near my own home an outfit of clothing, a physician's case of surgical instruments and a black bag containing lint. These were at the police station, he said. I ordered him to have them brought at once to the State's attorney's room. Then I reëntered the court-room and the prosecution soon secured an adjournment of court. I had known Doctor Cronin, and when I saw the old slouch hat, the black clothes, the surgeon's instrument-case and lint-bag, I knew that they were Doctor Cronin's, and that their providential discovery put a much-needed prop under the State's case—and that at a most critical point in the trial!

"But the most remarkable manifestation of this superhuman force came at the very crux of the trial. All of the direct evidence for the State was in, and it was announced that, in the morning, the prosecution expected to rest its case. An early adjournment had been taken, and the lawyers for the State had gone to the State's attorney's room for a careful review and discussion of the evidence. The group gathered about the big table was a weary and none-too-hopeful one. As we were going over the record a boy entered and placed a copy of the evening paper on the table. The headline caught my eye and impressed me as a most graphic and startling statement of the actual situation in which we found ourselves. I read aloud the caption, 'Hangs by Hair,' and my associates exclaimed: 'Yes; that's literally true!' And so it was. A hair had been found in a cake of soap discovered in the Carlson cottage where the murder had, so we contended, been committed. That hair had been submitted, along with other hairs known to have been taken from Doctor Cronin's head, to two of the most eminent microscopists in America. The scientists had sworn to their belief that the hair found in the soap with which the murderer was supposed to have washed his bloody hands and the other hairs furnished by Doctor Cronin's sister were identical in characteristics and had grown upon the head of the same person. Here was our whole case. We had to face the fact that all our efforts had been unequal to digging up the one vital link in the State's evidence—proof that Doctor Cronin had entered the Carlson cottage on the evening of May 4!

"Just as I put down the newspaper and resumed the reading of the evidence, the door opened and a police officer and a middle-aged woman entered the room. The officer apologized for the interruption and said that he thought the woman's story crazy and of no account; the police captain had laughed at her, but she had insisted on being taken to the State's attorney's office. She was evidently a working-woman and her face inspired confidence.

"'What do you know about this case?' I asked.

"'I know,' she answered, 'that, the evening of May 4, just after eight o'clock, I saw a carriage, drawn by a white horse, stop in front of the Carlson cottage, saw a tall man wearing a black slouch hat and a shorter man get out and go into the cottage. The tall man carried a small, black, doctor's satchel in one hand and a little black bag in the other. Almost immediately after the door closed behind them I heard a crash, like the breaking of furniture, followed by a cry. The only words I could understand were: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph!"'

"Something in the woman's bearing gave me the hope that she was not one of the monomaniacs who bring idle and baseless tales to a State's attorney for the purpose of having their names connected, for the moment, with a great criminal sensation. And still this evidence was so ideal that I did not dare to believe it authentic.

"'Why have you not brought us this evidence before?' I asked.

"'Because,' she promptly answered, 'I was afraid that they would try to kill me if I did. Then, too, I thought that there was really no doubt that they would be convicted without my testimony and that I would be justified in not taking the risk of giving evidence. But this afternoon, when I read in the newspaper that the case hung by a hair, then my conscience would not let me keep still; I knew I must speak out, and so I made the police bring me to you.'

"'Who knows you well?' I eagerly asked.

"She gave me the name of a prominent man of my own neighborhood and added: 'He is my best friend.'

"Requesting the other lawyers to keep the woman with them until I returned, I hurried down to the street, called a carriage, and drove to the home of her friend. 'She is gold, all through,' was his assurance; 'she does not know how to lie.'

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SMATHERS

Chewing the Toothpick of Despair

By Lloyd Osbourne

SAM SMATHERS was a failure. The world and Sam Smathers didn't seem able to hit it off together. The world was never satisfied with Sam's labors, and Sam was never satisfied with the world's remuneration. It was a clear case of incompatibility, verging more and more on a mutual aversion. Perhaps, as in most mismatings, they were both to blame. Be that as it may, Sam was undeniably the under-dog in the transaction—and the under-dog didn't like it!

Sam was a tall, shambling, shock-headed fellow, with sandy hair, white eyelashes, and a freckled, pimply face. He represented incapacity on two legs, and might have posed as an allegorical statue of Shiftlessness in a group representing the Applied Arts. But, of course, like everybody else, Sam Smathers had to live, and the process was becoming more and more difficult.

In summertime he did well enough, picking prunes in the country. Almost anybody can pick prunes successfully; and when you are fired out of one place you may readily count on getting another. The summer wasn't Sam's trouble: it was the winter—the long, hard, precarious winter in San Francisco. There were no prunes on the city streets, and a feller couldn't lay on the ground all night with a bunch of hay under his head as a piller. No, a feller had to have a shake-down, and had to keep up some kind of an appearance—wear a collar, and have laces in his shoes instead of twine. It was wonderful what a hole these, and all the other extries, made in a dollar a day—and the dollar was becoming harder and harder to earn.

To make matters worse, everything was getting unionized. You couldn't wash dishes now without a union ticket. You couldn't clean stables. You couldn't tidy up a front yard even. There was always that walking delegate treading on your heels, and "persuading" you to move. If you didn't move they'd knock your block off. Between the delegate and the boss, Sam was kept steadily on the run. Whichever way he turned, he found himself between two fires. He couldn't wash a window, apparently, without rousing the indignation both of the householder and the union. It was the same way lawn-mowering grass. Even selling flowers on the street brought you into unexpected Dago complications. The only place where you could be absolutely sure of peace was on a bench in Portsmouth Square.

One of these benches might almost have been called Sam Smathers' home. It was here, at least, that he always returned between the intervals of his irregular employment. Here, moody and dejected, he would sit for hours, and wonder why every one seemed to prosper but himself. How he envied those sleek aristocrats of labor that passed him by—the policeman, the fireman, the chauffeur, the car-conductor, the brawny teamsters with their drays and loads! What, he asked himself, was the secret of their success and of his own failure? Why should his be so hard a row to hoe while they held down three dollars a day? What was the matter with him that, out of the whole world, he seemed the one person who wasn't needed?

Of course, he might have become a tramp or a thief—but for either of these careers Sam had not the least inclination. For all his rags, he was stoutly on the side of the decent and the respectable. Indeed, he had even a mild liking for work. He found it hard to dawdle all day on a bench, talking to bums, and capturing odd sheets of the daily papers that occasionally blew his way. The bench, as a matter of fact, bored Sam Smathers profoundly. He revolted, too, from the coffee of charity, and it humiliated him to hold his place in the line that straggled out every night to the back door of Campi's. He didn't want leavings—he wanted work! A dollar a day—that's all—and he'd do anything! Anything—so long as it didn't involve his block being knocked off.

Though there wasn't much in it, Sam valued that block. It was the only one he had, and once slugged he wasn't likely to get another. Lead pipe was very penetrating—to blocks! Yet every way his ambition turned there it waved before him, and often (in imagination) smeared with blood and hair. Dish-washing, stable-cleaning, window-washing, lawn-cutting, garden-digging—down all these tempting vistas of competence and ease there was always a spectral figure (with an eye to his block) waiting for him to pass.

Not that there weren't a few jobs left, however, which mightn't be safely held; but here you plumped into the other difficulty—the boss. Lead pipe on one side; an irritating meniality on the other. Caretaking (what might seem simple to some folks) was mighty more troublesome than it looked. You might doze off, in the comfortable possession of five thousand feet of lumber, seventeen barrels of Portland cement, a gravel-sifter, and a picket-fence sixty feet long—and wake up later with the sun shining on your face, to discover no lumber, no Portland cement, no gravel-sifter, no picket-fence! Then there were them red lights you had to set out, changing their positions time out of sight. A slight forgetfulness on Sam's part had resulted in filling a street-cellar with a cab, two horses and a theatre-party. This was particularly unfortunate, as the job paid ten a week, and was likely to last three months. Unfortunate, too, for the theatre-party, not to speak of the contractors. It brought Sam into prominence, and resulted in his name being included in a neat directory entitled the Black List.

Sam, like all his kind, was an indefatigable reader of the advertisement columns of the newspaper. Here, in the host of the "wanteds," he would pick out some attractive position, and present himself with an ever-ready belief in his ability to fill the bill. You might advertise for a "hardware man, experience essential, agricultural machinery a specialty, first-class salary for the right applicant"—and there was Sam, with his weak, foolish, deprecatory smile, popping in his head at your office door. Or, "wanted a valet, Englishman preferred, must have references from last place. Good packer, barber, and knowledge of French and German essential"—and there again was Sam, shabby and hopeful, scandalizing the hotel with his dirty collar and squashy shoes.

There were times, few and far between, when Sam actually landed the job he sought. A hypnotist took him to run pins into, and it would have been a pretty good place had the hypnotist been better able to hold up his end of it—but when he fell down on his mystic power the pins hurt dreadful, and Sam yelled himself out of the profession. Then there was the Wonders of Nature stereopticon, Professor Veal; but Sam's inability to tell the Lakes of Killarney from the Suez Canal gave him short shrift in this sphere of activity.

So the years went by—prune-picking in summer, saloon-cleaning in winter, with long intervening spells in Portsmouth Square Park on a bench overlooking the City Prison. Sam grew heartily tired of it. Here was a man, he reflected bitterly, of undeniable ability—honest, sober and reliable to beat the band—who, from some perversity of fate, was hardly able to scratch along. What was the good of a common-school education and three months at a business college if it couldn't do more for a man than this? There was times when he wished he was a Chinaman. You never see a Chinaman setting in the park, chewing the toothpick of despair. Busy as ants, every one of them—and this with Sam Smathers on his uppers. It made Sam hot to think of it. And them monkey-faced Japs! That was what the country was coming to, and a non-union white man might as well drown himself in the bay!

Sam had just contrived to blow up a boiler in an apartment house on Gough Street, and he was feeling glummer than glum. People went on like he had blown it up on purpose, and the swine of a landlord had kep' back three dollars and eighty-five cents still doo him. Threw him out when he went around to collect! And now, down on the Front, all his old places was took. They had put a Dago into the Fair Wind saloon, and a nigger at the Magnolia Exchange, and the Red Corner had a Swede. Competition was eating even into the saloon-cleaning business, and American worth and intelligence were everywhere rebuffed!

This was about the time of the great street-railway strike. Sam didn't pay much attention to it at first. He seldom patronized the cars, anyway, save to hop on for a few blocks when the conductor was too busy to throw him off, and the attempt to tie up the whole system consequently left him cold. But one morning, as he was aimlessly passing down Mission Street, he saw a transparency in front of the company's building that made him pause.

WANTED:
FREE AMERICAN CITIZENS
FOR
CONDUCTORS AND MOTORMEN.
PERMANENT JOBS

The wording of this appeal stirred Sam strangely. "Free American Citizens"—the phrase stuck in his head as he walked on. It kept rattling there as corner gave way to corner. The Street Railway Company was offering Permanent Jobs to Free American Citizens! They were as much out for Sam Smathers as anybody—preferred him, in fact—for weren't he a Free American Citizen? He slouched back and had another look at the thing—tempted and scared. The words teased his faltering courage. Yes, he was a Free American Citizen. He swelled out at the thought. It seemed to put the injustice of unions in a new light. Here they were, with their lead pipe, their sluggers and sandbags and walking delegates, keeping a Free American Citizen from one of the best permanent jobs in San Francisco. In his wildest dreams, Sam had never soared so high as to see himself in motorman's blue. These were the princes of labor, in the class with policemen, firemen and City Hall doorkeepers. They were as far above Sam as the president of a bank to the office-boy. And here he was invited, in letters a foot high, to enroll himself—permanently—in that splendid and lordly caste!

"Whatever Happens—Remember—Stay by Your Car!"

Had the company merely asked for men, Sam would probably not have given the notice a second thought. It was the Free American Citizen part of it that had struck home, rousing the little spirit he had left. He stood there, in the bleak, cold street, fighting down his cowardice. It meant taking his life in his hands. That permanent job might be very abruptly canceled by a brickbat or a knife-thrust. In the teamsters' strike he had seen what might happen to scabs. He had seen scabs pulled off their wagons in broad daylight, and hammered out of all resemblance to humanity. It came over him with a shock that his sympathies had been on the wrong side. Such is the power of words! What might seem rough-and-ready justice meted out to a scab took on another complexion when the victim was a Free American Citizen.

There are great moments even in the lives of the commonest and the dullest. Lanky, rawboned Sam, with his vacant face, his immense red hands fumbling in the pockets of his slops, his unkempt sandy hair sticking out from under his battered derby hat—Sam was in the throes of an extraordinary resolution. Suppose he *should* get his block knocked off? Was it such an important block? Would it matter so very much to the world, or to Sam, or to anybody, if such an event were to befall? Oughtn't a feller to take his chance like a man? Oughtn't a feller to set his teeth and go ahead? Was a feller to set back like a cur and wash cuspidors all his life just because he didn't have the sand to take a gamble? But it was hard to prevent the flesh from quailing for all the boldness of the soul. To be kicked to pieces, trampled on, slugged! It sent icy shivers down the spine, and conflicted with the bright picture of a natty motorman, in cap and gloves, briskly ringing his way through the crush of traffic—conflicted, too, with the bright picture of three dollars a day, a cozy little flat, a wife maybe, and kids. From a distance, he had seen such establishments, and had envied them from the bottom of his poor, silly heart. To Sam they had always represented the unobtainable—the prize on which he was as unlikely ever to set his hand to as the top figure of the Little Louisiana. And now——?

WANTED:
FREE AMERICAN CITIZENS
FOR
CONDUCTORS AND MOTORMEN.
PERMANENT JOBS

Sam, shy and trembling, walked through the great doorway of the office-building, feeling himself an uncouth intruder in that spick-and-span court where four elevators were swiftly rising and descending. Another notice met his eye:

> Applicants for strike positions will apply at the office of the superintendent, third floor, Room Twenty-seven, between the hours of ten and four.

He perceived with some relief that he was not the only Free American Citizen bound in that direction. He went up with a whole crowd of them, and he thought they looked a pretty fierce lot. The only thing they had in common was a general air of being down on their luck, from the threadbare clerk, with the impudent, dissipated face, to the loutish ship-steward in the dirty white jacket. They represented the forlorn hope of labor, sullen volunteers from the army of the unemployed, whom hunger and desperation had driven to offer themselves as recruits in the coming war.

On their shambling way to Room Twenty-seven they met others returning, on whose sombre faces there was no look of either success or failure. Sam wondered if they had been rejected, so rudely did they push past him to fill a descending car. Room Twenty-seven was about a quarter full, and each man as he entered was given a number by an office-boy. Sam's number was 108, and he began to realize the system of the thing as an inner door occasionally opened and a perky voice called out: "Seventy-seven—seventy-eight"—or whatever it was.

The applicant was never seen again. Presumably he was dismissed by another door. But these complete disappearances were somehow daunting. You passed that glazed door and vanished forever. Nobody spoke in Room Twenty-seven above a whisper, and you could hear nothing but the shifting of restless feet and a deep, expectant breathing like that of herded animals.

"A hundred and eight!"

Sam passed the door, and entered the office beyond. A keen, spare man was sitting at a desk, and he motioned Sam to stand before him. The strong light flooded Sam's face while the superintendent slowly took stock of him from under his bushy gray eyebrows.

"Name?"

"Sam Smathers, sir."

"Last job?"

"How?"

"Last job—where were you last employed?" The superintendent's voice was sharp and impatient. He didn't like Sam, and was hurrying through the formula.

"Liverpool Jack's, sir—on the water front—a saloon."

"Barkeeper?"

"Naw—cleaning up—doing most anything, sir."

"Don't want you—call the next!"

Sam blinked, and shuffled uneasily on his feet. He was fired!

"Out that way," said the perky clerk with a gesture of his thumb; and then, popping his head into Twenty-seven, he called the next number: "Hundred and nine!"

"Oh, but Mister——" began Sam.

"Name?" said the superintendent to the newcomer, a hulking German with a seafaring look.

"Hairmann Platz——"

Sam found himself standing in the corridor. He had never doubted but what he would be accepted, and it took him a minute or two to pull himself together. So that was what it had all come to—his resolution, his new-found courage, his willingness to take his chance! Didn't want him, by gosh! Sam's eyes were smarting, and his own opinion of himself, already on the decline, took another slump. Washing cuspidors—that was all he was good for. The superintendent had give him one look, and then had sized him up for a quitter.

Hairmann came out.

"What luck, pardner?" asked Sam drearily.

"Report at the barns," said the German, showing a piece of paper in his fist.

They went down together in the same elevator, Sam grindingly envious of the other's success. Now that he had failed, he began to realize more fully what this opportunity

might have been for him. He had gone in, thinking only of the danger; he went out, seeing nothing but long, beautiful years at three dollars a day—blue-clad affluence as far as the eye could reach—a dandy-looking figure in the forefront of a car, his cap a little tilted, showing some sandy curls, his gloved hand resting negligently on the brass controller—Sam Smathers the motorman! He was sick at heart as he turned into the windy street, and buttoned his coat over his tattered singlet. That's what had queered him—having no shirt—and looking like a hobo among all them well-dressed fellers. He took off his battered billycock, and forlornly tried to push up the place where the crown sagged in. That's why they wouldn't take him. That, and them old shoes that didn't match, and the slit up his arm. You couldn't do nothing without capital—even if it were only a pair of pants. The tony fellers got the job—invariable.

But he'd try again. Yes, he'd try again. That there superintendent wasn't likely to remember one face outer so many; and then he'd slick himself up this time, and get through somehow. Accordingly, the next morning Sam turned up again. He had shined his shoes, shaved, and had borrowed a shirt, and the change in his appearance gave him confidence. They joshed him at the saloon about getting married, and Tony, the barkeep, amid the merriment of all present, had pinned a stale carnation in Sam's buttonhole. Of course, he hadn't let out the truth. They didn't know as they was titivating of a scab, and he let the marriage business go by with a grin. It was only sense to keep the road open to the rear, and there was no good borrowing ill-feeling in advance. But through his head there was still dancing the picture of that motorman, steering his way through the crowd, and pulling his bell like a king. He would make it this time—bet your life he would make it—what with the shirt and the shave, and the stiff upper lip they give a feller!

"Sixty-seven!" shouted the clerk.

Sam again appeared before the superintendent.

He was an awful sharp-looking gentleman, the superintendent, and his eyes seemed to see right through a feller. He hadn't forgotten a little bit, and the glitter of his glance and the haughty way he set his head back was enough to scare the Dutch.

"You were here yesterday," he said sternly, with a look like an elliocution.

"Ya-e-s," assented Sam.

"And you were told to get out!"

"Ya-e-s."

The superintendent gazed at him as though he wasn't quite sure whether to be amused or insulted. Something odd, whimsical and determined in Sam's face arrested his attention. He smiled. So did Sam. It was a good beginning, anyway.

"You're the sort of man that takes a car out, and then quits at the first brick," observed the superintendent with wintry humor.

"Naw, I ain't," said Sam. "Not on your life, I ain't!"

"Well, the second then," remarked the superintendent.

He made the assertion so confidently that Sam was almost abashed in denying it. Who was he to set up his word against this splendid-looking gentleman? But he did set it up, squirming as he did so.

"Naw," said Sam.

"Now, see here," said the superintendent, leaning back, and speaking very solemnly, "the company wants men who will stay by their cars through thick and thin—men that can't be bluffed off, or talked off, or banged off. Men who take the business seriously, and want to stay with it."

"That's me, sir," said Sam.

The superintendent's smile faded into an expression of extreme doubt. Sam could see the unspoken decision going against him.

"Mister," began Sam huskily, "you wouldn't be here in this orfiss yourself if you hadn't 'a' had your chance and took it. This is mine, sir, the only one that ever came my way. Give me a try at it. I know my clothes is ag'in' me, and you think because my hat's no good I'm not neither. But, Mister, I'll do my dooty to the company, and take all that's coming to me without flinching—honest, I will—and when you find me quitting, it will be feet first!"

This settled the superintendent.

"What did you say your name was?"

"Sam Smathers!"

"Let him report at San Bruno for instruction."

The clerk handed Sam a numbered ticket.

Tall, gawky Sam was about to disappear through the doorway when the superintendent called him back. He raised an impressive finger.

"Stay by your car, young fellow," he said. "The company hasn't any use for quitters, and excuses don't go!"

"I'm no quitter," protested Sam stoutly.

"Hands Off!" Cried Sam

"Whatever happens—remember—stay by your car!"

"Bet your life," said Sam.

He reported himself at the San Bruno barns, and was disgusted to find they had no uniform ready for him. Uniforms were to come after the strike. In the mean time he had to get along with an electroplated badge. That was the disappointing limit to which the company was prepared to go. Sam, who had looked forward to a stylish blue suit, cap and gloves, was correspondingly annoyed. His beautiful day-dream had for the nonce to be corrected. It had to be temporarily handicapped by a brown derby hat and a slop suit. Still, he could comfort himself by repeating: "I am motorman Number Two Hundred and Fourteen, with a year's seniority to my credit." An inner voice dinned it incessantly in Sam's ears. He found it wonderfully sustaining. "Sam Smathers, the motorman! My friend, Sam Smathers, the motorman! My husband, Sam Smathers, the motorman! My father, Sam Smathers, the motorman! S. Smathers, 214 Motorman, San Bruno Division. Samuel Smathers, single, age thirty-one, occupation motorman, voting precinct blank-blank! To the memory of Samuel H. Smathers (it seemed to sound better with a middle initial), aged 76, erected by the Street Railway Company in grateful testimony of forty-five years of service as motorman. R. I. P.!" So he rang the triumphant changes as the instructor put him through his paces on the spur track.

It was terrible what heavy weather he made of it, but by dogged perseverance he managed to get a few ideas into his head. Keeping them there was the trouble, for they had a way of running out as fast as the instructor put them in. But once he mastered the grand principle of not using his brake against the power the rest was fairly easy. Hardly a breath of the strike had reached San Bruno, where, except for a few armed guards and a stack of provisions under a tarpaulin, there was little or nothing to indicate the struggle that was in progress. The larks sang as blithely, and the fog rolled in at sundown as unvaryingly, as though man, as well as Nature, was profoundly at peace.

The telephone brought disturbing intelligence to the officials—a car deserted here—a clash there—a block somewhere else, with the police reserves called out—but this trickle from the front never reached the motley throng that were being "broken in." The "breaking in" went forward with a businesslike precision that nothing was allowed to disturb.

The instructors instructed, the learners learned, the guards guarded, the cooks cooked, the dishwashers spread the long, bare, wooden tables for dinner and supper—and an army-like system prevailed, reassuring in its discipline and efficiency.

Sam dumbly felt the solidarity of this immense corporation, of which he was now a member. Behind him were the company's millions, its compact and powerful organization, its presidents, vice-presidents, managers and superintendents. His badge took on a new meaning for him. He was no longer Sam Smathers, fighting his puny battle single-handed against the world—the hanger-on of water-front saloons, the odd-job man, the recurring occupant of a bench in Portsmouth Square. He was now Number 214, a cog in all this vast machinery, his coming and going checked by clerks and audited by auditors. Anybody who hove a brick at Number 214 hove it at the Street Railway Company of San Francisco, Incorporated! The whole transaction—bricks and all—began to take on a strangely impersonal aspect.

Deep down in Sam's heart, however, there were gnawing apprehensions—shivers and sinkings—half-latent dreads that rose at times like spectres.

"It doesn't matter a hill of beans one way or the other," said Sam bravely to himself. But the human clay shook and trembled in the most disconcerting manner. The human clay thought very poorly of strike-breaking, and could not be induced to share Sam's bold philosophy. When the spirit said: "You can only die once," the human clay pleaded feverishly for postponement. Sam little knew that this heroic impulse was making him—what he had never been before—a man. In his whole shiftless, timid, pillar-to-post existence he had always, until now, taken the road of least resistance. It was a new sensation for him to set his teeth and say, "I will." In his dented billycock hat, his cheap slop clothes, his shoes tied with string, no one could have suspected that here was one animated by an iron resolution.

The great, shambling, shock-headed fellow irritated his instructors by his stupidity; his silly, anxious face was the butt of a thousand sarcasms; he was told, in well-rounded profanity, that he had already cost the company eighty dollars—yet he stuck at it; never answered back even under the most galling provocation; applied himself with dull persistence to acquiring his simple task. Theory he couldn't make head or tail of; that jargon of circuits, cut-outs, switches, commutators, armatures remained—as it had begun—a mystery. But he learned how to make his car go and stop and reverse; he learned how to cut off his power; he learned the great rule: "Say, you there, the controller is more important than you are by a dam' sight, and mind you never budge a foot without it!"

Then, on a Friday morning, he was put out on the road.

His first trip was made with an instructor beside him, a boy of twenty, no older than he in the company's service, but who had shown an astonishing proficiency from the start. The windows of the car were covered with galvanized wire netting—the war-color of trolleyism, so to speak, like the slaty-blue of fighting ships; and, indeed, it was with something of the feeling of taking an armor-clad into action that Sam laid his hand on the controller and began to feel the wheels revolve beneath him.

"They done up two of our men yesterday," said the instructor cheerfully. "Heney, that fat duck who hit the Dutchman—he's in the City Emergency Hospital with his jaw broke—and another boy on the Butchertown division crippled for life, they say!"

Sam could not trust his lips to speak.

"I guess all hell's loose to-day," went on the instructor. "Hey—slow down—that's right—easy on the curve!"

"Some of the boys seemed to think this was a pretty good run," quavered Sam. "Leastways, the cars seem to be coming back reg'lar, and I never heard nothing."

"Oh, it's all right this side," said the instructor. "But you orter see it south of the slot! If it ain't improved any it's me for the woods!"

Sam, sullenly envious of the other's superior capacity, of his good clothes, of his open, handsome, winning face—Sam was thunderstruck at this frank avowal of treachery.

"Quit?" he said.

"My skin's worth more than three dollars," returned the instructor, unashamed.

Sam said nothing, but he recalled the superintendent's upraised finger, and his "*Stay by your car.*" It came over him, with a strange sort of elation, that, in spite of his cowardice, in spite of his shaking hands and quick-beating heart, he represented better value to the company than the clever boy beside him.

"No woods for me," he said. "I'm going to stay by the car!"

"Everybody for himself," exclaimed the instructor with a laugh. "Say, don't monkey with your controller like that—keep her going nice and reg'lar—get a speed and stick to it!"

Sam turned a pale green as they grew nearer the more crowded streets, and approached the terrible "slot." He had an unaccountable feeling of falling off a precipice, together with a melting sensation in the region of the

stomach. But the occasional hostility he excited was strangely disproportionate to his fears. A butcher-boy whipped up beside him, shouting: "Yah, you scab!" and made a derisive gesture with his hands to his nose. Some hoodlums stoned him from a street-corner, but at so safe a distance, and with so little heart, that they didn't hit the car—much less Sam. On the other side of Market Street they passed a big group of strikers, a noisy, disorderly, threatening crowd, who ran along the sidewalk jeering and calling out insults.

"Where's your hell?" said Sam, with heavy sarcasm, to the young instructor.

"Oh, you wait!" returned the other, grinning.

Sam went on with renewed confidence. For the first time he began to enjoy running his car. He was getting the knack of it now, and was reaching the place where he resented criticism. He picked up a solitary passenger, the first who had shown himself, and had the supreme gratification of hearing the conductor's ting-ting for him to go ahead. His dream had become a fact. He inhaled a deep breath of satisfaction. It was all as he had imagined it—all except the uniform.

At the ferry a man sprang up on the footboard and suddenly overwhelmed Sam with a pointblank fire of profanity. Sam didn't know how to reply, and felt acutely embarrassed at the attention that was quickly attracted. He stood there with his mouth open, flushing to the ears, while the stranger thundered imprecations and opprobrious epithets. The instructor came to the rescue, and volleyed back abuse. Then Sam significantly unshipped his controller, and the stranger backed off. It was a wounding performance, especially as the stranger began again from a safe distance with a wealth of invective that even staggered the instructor. But it didn't break bones; a policeman came up; and the momentary irritation soon passed.

"How did you make out with 214?" the instructor was asked at the barn.

"Oh, that duck's all right!" he replied. "Pretty green yet, but I guess he'll do."

And the "duck," otherwise Smathers, made his next and succeeding trips alone.

They were much the same as the first—boos, yells, hoots and stones—and a passenger once in a blue moon. On his eighth trip—the return—a coal-driver blocked the track, and Sam was mobbed. There was a brisk, indiscriminate punching at the head of the car. Sam slapped one man's face, and soaked another in the jaw. But no serious attempt was made to hurt him, and the attack was more in the nature of a bluff than anything else. But the noise of it reëchoed for blocks, till finally some mounted police dashed up and ordered the coal-wagon out of the road. It was then Sam discovered that he had a black eye and had lost his conductor. He continued on his way jubilant, even collecting two fares, which he turned in at the office.

Sam dressed up the affair and presented it in lurid colors. With a black eye to show—and no conductor—the truth could stand a little embellishment. Quite a little knot surrounded him to hear his story; and one of the listeners, an important-appearing gentleman in a plug hat, patted him on the back, and said

"Good for you, friend Smathers—you're a sticker!"

Sam went out with the commendation still ringing in his ears.

"That's what I am—a sticker," he said exultantly to himself. It was the first praise he had ever received in his life. Mr. Heaton, the general manager, had called him a sticker! Bet your life he was a sticker! They couldn't bounce him off of his car like that there conductor. No, siree, not Sam Smathers, the motorman. Mr. Heaton noo the sort of man he was. Hadn't Mr. Heaton patted him on the back before all them big-bugs, and said out so hearty and loud: "Good for you, friend Smathers—you're a sticker!"

The sticker, with a high heart and a new conductor, went into town again. He was getting used to the game now, and had laid by a stock of stinging retorts. Hooting no longer had the power to make him flinch. It took the whiz of a brick to do that, or one of them ugly rushes when your car was held up by a swearing teamster. But it was wonderful how you could sail through, if only you kep' a stiff upper lip and swung the controller like you meant to land it on somebody's block. All the world was cowards, anyway, and the feller who was least afeared, and dared the most, won out every time!

On Saturday the strikers were in a fiercer mood. A fine day had brought them all out into the streets, together with their screeching women. The authorities, after a lot of wobbling, had practically withdrawn from the struggle; and this, together with the support of the yellow press, had emboldened the strikers to follow what was called "a more forward policy." The city was quieter, but more dangerous. It was harder than ever to keep the new men on the cars. By noon Sam was already a veteran and one of the Old Guard. His companions, with whom he had started in the business, had pretty well all dropped out. It filled him with grim satisfaction. At the barn a tradition was growing up about him. As he tramped in to report, way was made for him respectfully. It was rumored that he had been a plainsman—that he had been with Teddy up San Juan Hill. No one guyed him now about his battered old hat and scarecrow clothes. No one wanted to rouse that Arizona feller, who could pick out the ace of spades at twenty paces!

It was at about four o'clock when the real pinch came, near the corner of Eddy and Market, where Sam was halted by a wagon-load of furniture across the track. The horses had been cut out, and a huge and ever-increasing crowd pressed about him, shouting and jeering. Sam turned pale as he pushed his car right up to the obstruction, and felt a terrible sense of loneliness in that wild and threatening sea of faces. The conductor slipped off and disappeared, followed by a savage yell of triumph. His quick surrender had earned him immunity, leaving Sam, single-handed, to bear alone the whole brunt of the crowd's ferocity. Sam's legs weakened beneath him; beads of sweat rolled down his sallow, pimply face; he jerked off the controller, and waited with it in his unsteady hand.

(Continued on Page)

THE CROOKED TRAIL

By WILL PAYNE

VI

LOMAN, happily unaware of his fellow-traveler, parted company with Eugene in the night and reached Montreal the next day. He took a cab directly from the station to his office, and Hal, waiting for him in the back room in obedience to his wire, saw fate in his face as he strode in.

The bucket-shop man's big mouth was tight shut, his deep-set eyes glowed. Hal stood up to shake hands, but Loman gave only a slight jerk of his head, shut the door behind him with a crash, and dropped into a chair at the desk without removing his hat or overcoat. He plunged into the business at once:

"We've got to fish or cut bait. Those Board of Trade fellows are hot after me. I can't wait. Peter's got me in a trap. We've got to get your affair with the bank fixed up—now or never. You know Manuel. He wants blood yours or Ettelson's, or both. He knows you're around here somewhere. We've got to find Ettelson and find him quick—or it's all off!"

There was no mistaking the ruthless energy with which he spoke. He was cornered and Loman in a corner was not an amiable person. Hal recognized the mood, and thought his own heart turned weak and pale in his breast.

"Well—I don't know where he is," he temporized. His voice sounded bodiless to his ears.

"Give me your clews."

"Why, I left him there in Quebec. He might be traced from that hotel."

The broker said it without meeting Loman's eyes, although he felt them burning on his face. The situation had come upon him like lightning, and the supreme terror of it was that he felt himself so dreadfully weak and adrift. He suddenly realized the full extent of Loman's power over him. A mere motion of the bucket-shop man's finger would push him over the precipice, and he knew there was no mercy in Loman now. He could not gain control of himself and shake off the swift paralysis. "I suppose—the mail to his wife might be watched—but probably the detectives are doing that." He knew this was silly, and he vaguely wondered whether his face was pale

Loman leaned forward a little. A blue vein swelled out on his forehead. He lowered his voice.

"I guess you want to play horse with me." He reached over and took up a pad of telegraph blanks. Hal knew it was the mere turn of a hair with him. But the bucket-shop man hesitated a moment. "You understand, Margrave, this is life or death to me. If Peter goes against me I may as well shut up shop."

Where the Narrow Street, Hardly More Than an Alley, Sloped Down from the Greater Thoroughfare

"Loman, I don't know where he is." Hal found himself speaking collectedly and convincingly. "We met in a little village in New Jersey called Round Hill. A man there named William Thompson was a friend of Billy, and we agreed when we first separated to keep in touch with each other by writing to him. Then I shook Billy in Quebec and I haven't heard from him since. We might find him through Thompson."

Loman saw that he was telling the truth, and passed his hand over his head. The vein died out of his forehead. He was rather fond of Hal—when he wasn't fighting for his own life.

"Well, it's up to you," he said coolly. "We have three days in which to find him. If we don't find him in that time, maybe I can give you a run for your life; maybe not. Think it over. There's no use your staying around the office. Suppose you come back about two."

In the cool tone Hal felt the edge of the knife. He left the office mechanically and walked toward his lodging without knowing where he was going. The helplessness had overcome him again. In his tormented soul the dumb terror of betraying Billy was, someway, as great as the terror of crossing Loman. He used to be alert and nervy enough—he felt an intolerable irritation. It was too much—Loman's fatal wrath just at this time. With pains and shrewdness and daring he had pulled himself up, and now he was to be kicked back into the pit again, just when he was definitely leaving it. In danger of arrest all the time, and decently anxious about his wife, he was overworn. There was less spring in his nerves. He had a superstitious dread of defeat. If once bad luck fastened on a man he was done for. He walked on, adrift and distraught.

In the periodical visits to his branch offices Loman overlooked things pretty thoroughly, going into all sorts of details. And in the offices they knew his moods. To-day, returning from a hasty luncheon, he was turning over the leaves of a letter-copying book when the boy came back with the mail. Loman silently extended his hand for it, and the boy lost no time in turning over the score or so of letters.

The bucket-shop man looked over the envelopes one by one, opening several as they happened to attract his curiosity, and tossing the others to a clerk. He came to one addressed to George Hackstuff, the name Hal went by. It was postmarked Round Hill, New Jersey. Loman at once put it in his pocket. When he was through with the other envelopes he went to the back room and opened Hal's letter without the least hesitation. The scrawl on a

sheet of coarse notepaper said: "Been out of town or would have sent you this before." Inclosed was Ettelson's letter, written at the Wyckoffs'. That, too, Loman opened unhesitatingly.

He read the letter through calmly—even appreciated Billy's forlorn position and the touching nature of his frank appeal for funds to the pal who had once deserted him. Loman rubbed his hand over his head. He really hated to do it. But he made a memorandum of the address. Then he refolded the letter so as to leave the name and address uppermost. He wrote a telegram to Manuel Peter, Chicago; put letter and telegram in his pocket and went back to the outer office.

Hal came in at two o'clock, still pale. Loman slipped a big hand under his arm, and they went to the back room, where the bucket-shop man closed the door.

"A letter just came for you, Hal," he said quietly. "I opened it." He took it from his pocket and showed it. Little was visible save Billy's signature, the assumed name he gave, and the address. "I don't suppose it would do any good for you to read it. Do you?"

Hal heard himself saying: "No, I don't suppose it would do any good for me to read it."

"Suppose we burn it, then."

"Yes. Burn it," Hal replied. He was thinking: "The walls are solid; nobody can see or hear."

"You Bet it's No Good Old Summertime Outside"

Loman stepped over to the grate, stooped and struck a match. He stood watching as the curling, ashy crust fell to pieces. He seemed perfectly composed as he turned to Hal.

"Now we can go ahead without any trouble," he said calmly.

"Yes," said Hal. He could not take his eyes from the little ashy heap that was already sinking indistinguishably into the litter of the grate. He thought: "They can't find the blood-stains."

"Probably it would be just as well for you to run out of town for a couple of days," said Loman. "I'll leave for Chicago to-night."

Hal looked up at Loman as though he were awaking. "Yes, I'll get out of town for a couple of days," he said.

He understood it perfectly. The fiction was to be that he was out of town when the letter came, that he never saw it and somehow it fell into the hands of the police. By a kind of mechanical process his brain comprehended how clever it was. They would never find the blood-stains; and with that his stupefied powers began to rouse and knit. He began to arm himself against what he had done. As he walked out of the office he said to himself: "It is the way of life. The weaker man must go to the wall."

VII

LOMAN'S train was late and it was evening when he reached Chicago. His own affairs engaged him for a time in the morning, and it was nearly noon when he found himself closeted with Mr. Peter.

And then, with much rage and bad language on the capitalist's part, he learned that his wire from Montreal had come to hand before three o'clock and had at once been turned over to the detective agency, which had sent an operative out from Buffalo on the next train. The Wyckoffs were not disposed to tell the man much at first, but finally he learned that Ettelson had been there and had left six hours before, accompanied by a Mr. Margrave.

Loman stared at the raging capitalist and rubbed his hand over his head in perplexity.

"He couldn't have done it, I tell you," he said impatiently.

"But he did do it!" Peter replied; "the dirty dog! Here's the detective's report."

The bucket-shop man looked over the sheets of typewritten tissue, quite at a loss, and Mr. Peter's mind overflowed.

"More expense! More expense! The rotten, lousy detectives! And nothing done! Nothing done! I was a fool to listen to you, Loman! You're a fool yourself! There won't be any more compromising! The dirty dogs! We'll get 'em!—We'll get 'em both!"

"But Peter, see here," Loman interrupted irritably. "I tell you it ain't possible. He says Margrave and Ettelson left the farm at noon. Margrave was in my office at Montreal as late as two o'clock."

"What difference does it make?" Peter replied. "The scoundrelly farmer lied about the time they left. Maybe they were right there when the blockhead of a detective was—under the bed—behind the door. The scoundrelly farmer was in the plot. What did the fool detective care as long as he got his money? Margrave just played horse with you. He knew you was an ass and he could do it!"

"But suppose Margrave did leave Montreal at two o'clock to get Ettelson away? You don't mean to tell me he could get to a farm a hundred miles from Buffalo by supper-time," Loman objected.

"Pooh! Pooh! What difference does it make? Of course he could do it, for he did do it. What's the use of arguing? Who else could it have been except Margrave? Who else knew anything about it? Loman, you know well enough it must have been Margrave."

Loman rubbed his head. "I don't know what to make of it," he confessed.

"But I know what to make of it." Mr. Peter nodded. "You say Margrave was in your office at Montreal at two o'clock. He can't be far away, then. We'll nab him. We'll show him what playing horse is really like. We'll see what he'll say with handcuffs on his wrists. I'm doing this now, Loman!" he added, raising his voice warningly as he saw that the bucket-shop man was about to interrupt. "You can just drop it if you want to be friends with me."

"I'm through with it," Loman replied quietly.

Nevertheless, as he went out, he was irritated and in doubt. How could Hal have gone from Montreal to the farm in time? He went around to Adams Street, dropped into a railroad office and looked at a time-table. So far as he could see, the thing was impossible. Yet who else but Hal could it have been? He walked on to his office. The broker's white face and the scene in the back room before the grate recurred to him. He could be generous enough, and he had his honor. He would force another man to betray a pal, but he would not betray a pal himself—except in a desperate case. Finally, he took a chance.

In the code of the firm he wrote this dispatch to Hackstaff at the Montreal office:

"All off. E. got away. Detective says you helped him escape. Old man wild. Knows where you are. Half-hour may be too late."

This he sent over his private wire. Then he went to the lavatory and literally washed his hands. He had some odd notions. In his mind a certain account with Hal Margrave was marked "Closed."

Before Loman's hands were dry, the operator in the Montreal office stood up, a transcribed message in his hand.

Mr. Hackstaff had been showing himself more openly about the office to-day. Just now he was in the public room, talking with a worried customer about the chances of a rise in Steel preferred. He took the message from the operator carelessly and went on talking to the customer.

The operator moved uneasily. "Any answer, Mr. Hackstaff? It's from Mr. Loman," he said.

Hal lifted up the message and read it; then, slowly, read it again; then, leisurely, tore it into fine bits and tossed the crumpled handful on the floor. Without answering the operator, he continued to the customer:

"The market acts strong, you see, and Steel is bound to be one of the first things to move. I believe it's good for five points within a week."

The worried customer studied the quotations dubiously. Hal waited, outwardly cool. Inwardly, a blind fury of disappointment possessed him.

This cock-and-bull story about his having helped Billy to escape! No, they couldn't do him that way, the unspeakable dogs! It was all a job! Loman had sold him out! They had Billy, and now they proposed to throw him over without his reward! The unthinkable curs! They couldn't do him that way! Let them come on!

He had paled slightly, and he was looking at the blackboard, his head a little to one side, as though he were studying out some combination among the quotations.

No, he wouldn't run! Let them come on! The curs couldn't do him that way! He wouldn't run!

Nevertheless, he stepped over, leisurely took down his overcoat and put it on, and walked out of the office blindly. An inexplicable compulsion to go, pressing against his rage, maddened and confused him. He was going toward his lodging-house without knowing why.

By a process of its own, his mind fell back to the stay in Quebec. . . . To be hunted, to double and slink, living in a nasty little hotel, anxious about money! . . .

Then he stopped with a shock. Why, even now he was in flight! He must be going crazy, or he would have remembered to provide himself with money. Of course, he must have money. He turned back, and thought with a kind of vengeful joy that he would take every cent there was in the office. This objective cleared his mind, and he quickened his pace.

Walking briskly, then, he came to the spot where he had stood the morning he reached Montreal—where the narrow street, hardly more than an alley, sloped down from the greater thoroughfare, leading to Loman's office.

A cab had drawn up at the curb there. Two men were leaving it and stepping briskly toward the bucket-shop. One of them was in citizen's dress. The other—a natty little old fellow with prim side-whiskers and gold-bowed spectacles like a deacon—was in the uniform of an officer of police.

There was a galvanic movement of Margrave's nerves. He walked rapidly past the corner and down the street, turning up his coat-collar and pulling down his hat.

It had begun! It had begun! The idea repeated itself endlessly in his mind. To fly, to dodge and double, a hunted animal, cut off from everything, slinking in dirty holes, always afraid! He lifted his torment to the sight of Heaven.

But he must be quick. They were hot after him. As he hurried on he thought despairingly: "It is the bad luck, the bad luck on account of Billy!"

He remembered there was a train he could catch if he hurried.

VIII

IT WAS Christmas night. Hal Margrave remembered that. Before Christmas he had written to Loman, asking a loan of one hundred dollars. Being ill, out of funds and too far out of hope to stand upon self-respect or prudence, he had gone that far. After four days, with no answer, he understood that the bucket-shop man had definitely cast him off, so he had left the third-class hotel and gone to a lodging-house where he could get a bed for fifteen cents.

The floor of the lodging-house office was sprinkled with sand. There was no furniture save a writing-table, the clerk's small desk and a score of heavy wooden chairs. A dozen men sat about the steam coils in unsociable listlessness. Hal stared dully at the short "Help Wanted" column in the evening paper, and, half mechanically, moved over to a window for better light. As he sat down the man in the next chair turned around. It was Ettelson!

In the sharp gathering of Margrave's nerves there was hardly more volition than when a worm curls up at a pin prick.

For a moment Ettelson, too, stared with wide eyes. Then he said quietly: "How are you, Hal?"

"Why, I've been under the weather—a cold that hangs on. Guess it's a touch of the grip," Hal muttered foolishly.

There was a pause. Then Ettelson asked, as quietly as before: "Were you looking for me, Hal?"

"Huh? No. I wasn't looking for you, Billy," Margrave replied, not understanding Billy's thought that his pal might still mean to complete his betrayal.

Ettelson was taking in the other's appearance—his seedy, ill look; something of the beaten, bewildered under-dog in his wavering eyes. "I've been here a month myself," he said.

Coolly Filled His Filing-Case With Bills of Large Denomination

Margrave hesitated a moment. The flesh puckered about his eyes. "How—you finding something to do here?" He was hungry.

A sudden great pity moved Ettelson. "Oh, yes! We can find plenty to do here, Hal." He laughed a little, quietly. "I guess we're to take pot-luck together right through it, Hal, as we began."

Someway it toned up Margrave's fallow mind. "I didn't know as I would see you again, Billy. I hadn't heard from you, you know."

"I wrote you a letter six weeks ago from the place where I was staying in Western New York," said Ettelson, his eyes on his friend.

"Is that so?" Hal exclaimed. "I didn't get it. I was in Montreal, in Loman's office, for a while. Then the dog threw me over. I had to light out again. Probably I left just before your letter came."

This lie, also, encouraged him. It seemed plausible, and the coolness with which he told it gave him a sort of hope of himself

"It wouldn't have mattered, Hal," Billy replied simply. "If you had come here looking for me to send me back to Chicago I shouldn't have run away. I've been thinking about going back there—to give myself up and take my medicine. I hate it on account of my wife and child. That makes me hesitate. Otherwise I'd go at once. I will not run any farther. I am ready to do what seems demanded of me."

Hal stared at him, trying to understand He saw that Billy, who used to be so nerveless, now spoke serenely, as though he feared nothing. He wondered if it was merely a subtlety in revenge which made Ettelson wish to calm him before handing him over to the police. "No," he said to himself, "he's got hold of something—something has happened to him."

He frowned and looked down. "I don't see what good you could do, locked up in Joliet," he muttered sullenly.

"Why, I've done wrong," Ettelson replied simply. "It isn't only the stealing from the bank; but see all the misery that has come from it. The wrong won't go away until it's paid for."

Again Hal said to himself: "Something has happened to him." Aloud he answered sullenly: "I don't feel that way. Peter's a big thief, and Peter's the bank. That Suburban Trolleys was a rotten deal all through. Guess Voss' brother-in-law Sanderson could have told you that. They tried to do him up, all right. I want to get on my feet again." He gnawed his lip "If I was back in the States where I could get hold of something to do"—the flesh puckered around his eyes again. "You say you're at work?"

"Oh, yes; I'm with a gang of men cutting ice." Ettelson laughed. "I'm strong and hard as nails now"

"Cutting ice?" Hal repeated, and gnawed his lip again. "Is there—do you suppose I could get a chance at it? I don't know whether—I'm strong enough—with this cold." He felt an awful humiliation.

Ettelson bent toward him with that great thrill of pity, then threw an arm over his shoulder. "You're out of funds, Hal?" he asked softly.

"I spent the last I had for breakfast this morning."

Ettelson sprang up and dragged him to his feet, an arm still around him. "Come with me. I know a good little place for roast beef and baked potatoes, cheap."

Margrave resisted, shaking "No, I can't take your money, Billy!"

Ettelson laughed and held on. "Pot-luck, old man! Pot-luck! You come on!"

"Billy—I couldn't eat it."

Ettelson looked at him again. "Why, Hal, you're sick. See here—we'll bunk together. You come with me. I'm going to bring you something you can eat. You must take some quinine."

Next morning Ettelson opened the numbered green door of the cubby-hole and looked in.

"Awake yet?" he called out. "You were snoozing when I got up."

"Yes. I feel better. I'll get up," said Hal

"No. Keep still. I've got breakfast here We can be stylish and eat in bed if we are broke."

It was still early. A gas-jet burning in the narrow hall gave a dim light in the tiny room that held two bunks, one above the other. Ettelson was dressed for his work, his frayed trousers tied with string to keep out the snow, the red scarf bound around his hat and ears. He wore thick woolen mittens. One hand held a small tin pail of coffee, and, carried in the breast of his overcoat to keep it warm, he had a glass with two boiled eggs and some toast.

"You bet it's no good old summertime outside," he said. "I expect there's icicles in this coffee. I'll just heat it up over the gas."

Now that the mittens were off, Hal noticed how red and chapped his hands were. The ailing man began to eat, in a beaten doggedness, while Billy sat on the edge of the bunk and watched him approvingly

"You'll be up and around, fine as a fiddle, in a couple of days," he said. "You must keep still and warm to-day." The chapped hand rested on Margrave's forehead lightly "You don't seem to have any fever this morning. Well, you keep still. I've got to light out if I'm going to keep my job." He stood up, smiling

The last bit of toast had stuck in Margrave's throat He lifted himself to a sitting posture, his face drawn

"Why don't you go away and leave me, Billy, as I left you in Quebec?"

Ettelson returned his look gravely. "You are sick, Hal, and I was drunk. There's a difference in that."

Something of the Beaten, Bewildered Under-Dog in His Wavering Eyes

Forbes Milnemell

"I'd have left you if you had been sick."

Billy smiled and shook his head. "Oh, no, you wouldn't! I know you better than you know yourself. See here, Hal, you lie still to-day. I've got a scheme for both of us. Something good. I'll talk it over with you to-night."

Margrave only half heard. "You don't know." He bent over, staring up into his friend's face. "You don't know what I've done. I haven't been square with you It wasn't only there in Quebec. Afterward, Billy ——"

Ettelson laid a hand on his shoulder. "What does it matter, old man? We started wrong. I didn't do right by you, either. I got drunk and harassed you. We started wrong. But we're going to end right. I've got it figured out." He nodded. "You wait until to-night and we'll talk it over. Take care of yourself to-day. I've got to go now."

Margrave lay back in the bunk when his pal was gone "What is it he's got hold of?" he said to himself. It seemed to him that he knew, and he was mightily afraid of it.

He was dressed and huddled by the steam-pipes in the office when Ettelson came in, bringing a bowl of soup and a piece of chicken. One could see that he had been working hard. Cold detached itself from his clothes

"Got paid this afternoon; so we're flush, you know," he said, as he disclosed the chicken "I'll go get something to eat myself now"

When he returned and sat beside his friend, stretching his weary limbs, he started to talk, jokingly, about the ice-cutting. Hal interrupted

"What was it you meant—your plan for both of us?" He thought he knew the answer.

Ettelson considered gravely.

"I'm a very different man from what I was in Quebec, Hal. I've done you wrong, and other people wrong. I want to pay as far as I can. I want you to remember me—to think about me hereafter. As soon as you can get out I'm going back to Chicago to give myself up, and I want to arrange it with them so if I give myself up and plead guilty they will let you go free. I'm the one that stole from the bank. I think Mr. Slocum will do it"

This was not the answer Margrave had expected. For a moment he could not close his parted lips or move his fascinated eyes. He felt himself in the presence of something -he scarcely knew what—that shook his heart

"No!" he cried out

"Yes, yes," said Billy. "It's what I've made up my mind to."

"No!" Margrave struggled against that something which was overwhelming him "No!" he cried again. He seized his friend's wrist. "Pot-luck, Billy! Pot-luck!"

The embezzler gave a little contented laugh and took Margrave's hand. "Don't you see this is pot-luck? It is what I wish for my own sake—a little thing—one small coin—to offer to my Master. It will bring me peace in Joliet"

Margrave knew now what it was against which he had struggled and which threatened to overwhelm him. "Do you—feel so, Billy?" he asked, under his breath. At the moment something tremendous stood before him offering itself

"Oh, yes!" Ettelson avowed, and again gave the little contented laugh

Margrave passed his hand over his brow "I can hardly see it so," he muttered

"No," said Billy, low. "It's for that I want you to think about me hereafter. Maybe you will see it so then."

In the night Margrave lay thinking and struggling. He knew now, clearly enough, what it was that Billy had got hold of which changed him. But the tough roots of the will for life, which had kept the broker out of the lake at his sickest and worst, quickened against Billy's self-effacing creed. No, it was not for him. That meek surrender was for the soft and timid, like Billy; for those who sought to escape the battle whose brunt they could not bear. It was not for him

Nevertheless, he made no further opposition to Billy's plan, and the next day the embezzler wrote to Mr. Slocum asking him to pardon Hal and offering to give himself up and plead guilty. The banker's answer was to be by a personal advertisement in the Messenger

IX

MR. SLOCUM read the letter carefully. It ran:

"I am ready to come back and take my punishment. I am guilty and should be punished. But I wish to say something to you of the long time when you were kind to me, before I forfeited your kindness. If I had not been weak and criminal Hal Margrave would not have been ruined and an outcast. I am responsible for him. I want you to let me pay my debt to him as far as I can. I want you to let Hal go free if I come back at once and plead guilty. If I am punished the law will be satisfied. The example will be set to others. I have no right to drive a bargain with you. I do not mean that. But I ask you this as a poor man who has gone far wrong and done much evil, and repented, and now wishes to do some good. Nothing will be lost, for Hal will live right from then on. I know that. This I ask for my peace hereafter—from one who was kind to me and taught me where to look for peace and who knows what it means to satisfy the needs of one's soul. It is not easy for one who has been wronged to believe that the wrongdoer repents. But I have repented. I am ready for the punishment. Help me in this." Directions for the personal in the Messenger followed

Slocum laid down the letter. There was a place in him which it profoundly touched. He was formally religious, and out of Billy's plea there arose an everlasting figure in whose name the mercy was to be shown. The banker himself had gone wrong, and the dumb hunger to atone

(Continued on Page 51)

HIS FATHER'S SON

By Rebecca Harding Davis

All that I Had Learned from the White Man in that Moment Dropped Away from Me

I MUST give you a few words of explanation about myself, so that you may understand the occurrences of which I am going to tell you. I am a man of color But there is not a drop of negro blood in me, thanks to Whoever makes up the human stuff and sends it out. My people were the Ponca tribe. For four hundred years they lived on the same ground, hunting, fishing and raising corn. About thirty years ago they were driven out by an agent, at a day's notice, down into the Bad Lands. In two years half of them died there.

Then my father said: "We will go back"

He was only one of the head men—the chief was over him. But whenever that little, lame, dark man spoke, which was seldom, the tribe followed

All of us that were left alive went back—men, women and children—tramping for hundreds of miles. We carried our dead back with us to bury in our own ground.

One day on the march, as I was helping to carry a big load, I slipped and fell over the bank. I was only about ten years old then—a lean, lank boy. I caught by a thornbush and hung there and yelled. There was a big precipice below. Something came over the bank above. It was a thin, brown hand. I grabbed it and pulled. It turned out to be little Shona's hand. She was a head man's daughter She could not help me up, but she did not let me fall. Often, with the other boys, I had tormented her, and hooted at her. We called her the ugliest girl in the tribe, and maybe she was.

But she clung now with one arm to a tree and gave me the other hand, looking down at me, and at last I dragged myself up. I don't see why I didn't pull her arm out of the socket.

When I climbed up at last on the level, I shook like an old rag. Shona looked at me

"You're bleeding," said the little thing "Go and get salve."

Her own arm hung straight by her side, but she would not even look at it. I ran off for the salve. I remember that I came to her again that afternoon and said:

"Hey! You saved my life!"

She only laughed, and we said nothing more about it.

But I never forgot how strong and soft that girl's hand was, and how kind her eyes were, looking down. No, I never in my life afterward forgot that

When I was twelve I was sent to the Indian school in Philadelphia. My name was changed to John Woods. Shona, too, was among the girls sent then. Her name was made Maggie. Many of the girls were prettier and more quick to learn than she. But I never cared to know any of them. I may as well say, just here, that there never was but one woman for me in the world, and that was Shona

We were taught to talk, to dress, to go through the routine of every day like white men. Whether we ever thought like them, I doubt. We passed through the usual course of white boys in a high school. We were given a nibble at all kinds of book knowledge. The white boys taught us base and foot ball. We went to church. Some good women made us a Christmas tree every year, and sang anthems to us. One fashionable woman used to take us sometimes to the opera and theatre. I went to see Salvini in Othello. I saw Shona in another box with some of the girls and would have ordered her home if I could

Presently I was transferred to the Carlisle school. The overseer there at once put me in the shops. His only idea about Indians was that they should all work at mechanical trades

God knows, I wanted to work. How else should I pay my way in the world? The land that my family owned for hundreds of years was not ours now. But I always meant to go back to it—to it and to no other—and to make my living out of it.

The captain put me to carpentering and plumbing. Now, I could see no moral quality in a drain or a hammer that was not in a spade. The land held all the work there was for me in this world

I went into his shops to satisfy him But quietly I studied farming Some of the boys, on leaving, tried for clerkships in Washington, "wanting to make men of themselves," they said. But there never was any man's work possible to me but that in the earth.

About this time I got leave once to go down to Philadelphia with some other men. They all went to the shows and into the crowd, but I hurried back to the quiet old schoolhouse on Eleventh Street.

I asked for Shona. But when she came into the parlor I had nothing at all to say to her. She told me how far she had gone in her books, and then she played a little march very nicely on the piano. Then the clock struck, and I got up to go back to Carlisle

I had wanted to say to her not to worry about books or the piano if she would just learn to make bread, and to cook, so that we could be comfortable in the little house I meant to build for us. That really was what I came down to say. But I was dumb. I could not speak a single word I got up and shook hands good-by with her, and then I cried out: "Four o'clock! Train!" And hurried out. I did not really care what o'clock it was, only to get away, get out of her sight. But when I reached the front door I remembered something which I must ask her. I rushed back. She was standing by the window.

"Would you like our house to be built by the river, or under the cliff?" I shouted as I opened the door. Then I saw that she had been crying. Her cheeks were all dabbled with wet. In a minute I had her in my arms. Then we understood each other for once and always.

I was made tutor in the school for two years. Then I was sent home. But the week before I started a queer thing happened

The brother of the lady who had taken us to see Salvini had, after that night, always shown an interest in the "Young Sons of the Forest," as he called us. He often used to take some of us out in his yacht or to the theatre, and would watch us curiously, as if we were a new kind of germ which he meant to develop. He was in character what I should call a light-weight man, but kind and meaning well at bottom. He was now in Congress from a New Jersey district.

One day that summer he came up to Carlisle on business, and sent for me

"What do you mean to do, Woods, when you leave this school?" he said.

"Go back to my tribe for a couple of months," I said. "I have not been with my father for six years."

"Father, eh?" He looked at me, slowly rubbing his chin. "Blanket Indian?"

"I suppose you might call him that," I said. "He is the head man, Gray Wolf. He has not the habits of the whites. But he has a great mind. He is wise, sane; he comprehends the people about him, and the times he lives in, better than any man I ever have seen."

I spoke hotly, for I had the same feeling for no living thing that I had for my father. Whenever I read of great prophets, or leaders in Roman or English history, or even in the Bible, I always thought of the little silent head man. His few sayings that I remembered seemed to me to be of the same stuff as the words that have helped the world.

"I have heard that Gray Wolf has much influence among the tribe," said Randall gravely. "That will be to your advantage in a plan that I have made for you. Sit down. It is only a plan as yet, and what I say to you now is strictly in confidence."

He then told me that Mark Pusey, the man who had been agent in our Reservation for years, had recently taken to himself a wife.

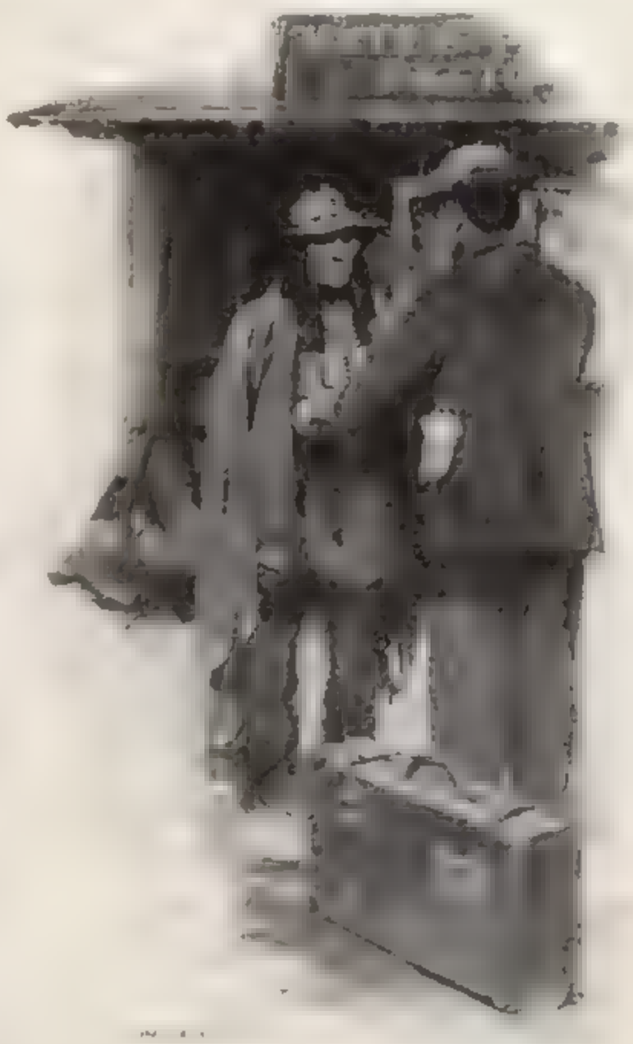
"She is young and pretty and flighty, the Bishop tells me," said Mr. Randall, "and she is dragging Pusey to the East to live. If she succeeds, the post of agent will be vacant. I have long thought it should be given to an educated Indian. In fact, to cut the matter short, I thought of you, Woods. What is the use of training you for years to send you straight down into the slough again? My idea is that you shall go back, marry some nice civilized girl, occupy the agent's house, and give your life to developing the land in the Reservation, and still more to developing your people. Hey? How does that jump with your humor?" Randall held out both hands, and wrung mine, laughing. "I see! I understand, my boy! I was not mistaken in you. Now, I am going back to Washington tonight, and I will put this thing in train. Keep your own counsel. Go back to the Reservation, and you will hear from me before long."

Hence I went back to the Reservation, after the seven years' training, with the secret heat at my heart that the son of the king has when he is going to take command. I was quite satisfied that I could manage both the land and the people with a wisdom which never before had been brought to bear on them. Four of us men, and four girls, went out under the care of Mr. Law, the Secretary of the Indian Aid Society. I did not think it worth while to talk to him about the problem which I was going to solve. He was, I thought, an outsider—a shallow observer! Yet, oddly, on the journey, it seldom occurred to me that I was an Indian. I had grown so used now to going about in the cars, to wearing coats and trousers, to gossiping over the daily papers, and to the other habits of the white men, that I forgot, most of the time, that I was not one of them.

I did speak to Mr. Law once or twice of my father, quoting his words in a Great Council held in Washington.

The Secretary listened respectfully. "There is always a singular force and shrewdness in the utterances of that chief," he said.

I replied that there were few men like him in the world. He was, in fact, one of the half-dozen great leaders of men



He had No Right to be This Thing!

now living, though his influence was confined within such narrow lines. I spoke with heat, and I fancied Mr. Law's eyes twinkled as he turned away.

We left the railway at a little station on the border of the Reservation. It was misting heavily, and we stood beside the pile of our luggage on the platform, watching the train puff away out of sight across the gray prairie.

"We'll get a hot supper at the little hotel here," said Mr. Law cheerfully, "and a good night's sleep, and then we'll be fresh for a drive to the Reservation in the morning."

Two men were squatted under the shelving shed gambling. One stood up when I came near, and came out in the rain. He was wrapped in a torn blanket, a ragged felt hat was pulled over his face; his hair was matted, his legs were clogged with the mud of the road; stale eggs and grease were caked upon his shirt.

"Son!" he said.

I took both his hands quickly

"Yes. It is I."

I felt as if I could strike him dead to the ground. He had no right to be this thing!

Had I worked for all these years up, and he had stayed—there?

I would go on working up and up, and he would stay—there'

Mr. Law stood apart, courteous, but watchful.

"This is my father, Mr. Law," I said. "He has walked here to meet me. I shall go home with him now, and meet you in the morning."

We walked home that night together. Not a word passed between us about his condition or mine—his filth or my fashionable clothes, his great brain or my poor one, his ignorance or my education. But he knew and weighed all the difference between us to the last atom. He had the keen senses and fine nerves of a woman. It was that womanish part of him that made him cling to his children, like an animal, with no reason, and that forced him to gamble as he did. I found that his teepee was the poorest in the Reservation. Every penny of his allowance he gambled away before it crossed his hands

As we walked through the misty night he talked of matters much too high for me. The character of the red man and the negro, their condition, the change in the aims and creed of the white American during the last two generations. I felt that I was a schoolboy as I listened. He talked from the great height of wisdom and age. I laughed in the darkness to think what the glib talk-choppers at Washington would say to hear the verdict pronounced on them and their generation by this dirty blanket Indian. "The white American," I remember he said once, "fifty years ago worshiped liberty. Now he worships money. Sanity and good morals never will get the upper hand in politics while the Presidential contest takes place every four years. The bribery and corruption of one campaign are hardly over when another begins. Politics would be purer if the term were doubled in length."

He showed me through his wretched yard and teepee.

"You will have a room at the agency," he said, "but if you ever need a home, or me—I am here." He put his hand on my head and called me by my Indian name. I looked into his eyes, and knew for the first time what he was to me. Not Shona—not my child, if I should ever have a child—not any man nor any God could ever come as close to me as he, filthy as he was.

The girls and men came presently. I led Shona to him at once. According to our custom, we stood before him, and he blessed us.

Then she and I crossed the road, and went down into the forest. It was a misty morning, and the wet branches flapped in our faces: a hidden heat was in the air: the smells of the earth that we knew so well when we were children crept out to us, one by one. I looked at Shona I could not take my eyes from her face. It was all innocence and softness—the meaning of the damp earth, of the warm air, of life itself, was in it for me. I took her by the hand, and we walked on together

"You, Shona, you!" I said.

All that I had learned from the white man in that moment dropped away from me. We would live here in the forest together. Yes, live. She understood.

I do not know whether we spoke at all to each other. I found myself giving an old call to the hunt, which I had not heard since I was a boy.

Just then Pusey, the agent, came hurrying after us, shouting to me. He was a stout, bustling young fellow, and wore, that day, I remember, a check suit with a red necktie. He did not belong to the forest.

"Hello, John," he called, "I've been looking for you! I had a letter from Randall just now that concerns you Very satisfactory to me, I assure you. And this is Miss Shona? Oh, I've heard!" winking significantly. "Mrs Pusey wishes you both to come up to the agency. I want you to see my wife. She's not bad to look at, eh?" laughing and tossing his head like a boy

As we went to the house, he told us how impatient they were to give up the agency.

"My wife never has seen the East—God's country. She expects to begin really to live there. Naturally women look at it in that way. I've been comfortable enough here with the tribe. But it's a mean and dull life for a pretty girl,

"No Man Shall Call My Father a Thief, and Live!" I Said

you know. I've an opening in Newark, New Jersey brush factory—small income for a year or two. But it's a foothold. So the sooner you can take charge, Woods, the better we'll be pleased."

Mrs. Pusey welcomed us in a flutter of delight. She was a plump, childish little woman, with fair curls and blue eyes like a doll's. Her gown was pink, and her neck and arms glittered with beads.

"Oh, yes, we'll go as soon as you can take hold," she cried, clapping her fat hands. "To think I am to see the East at last! You must give me some hints, Miss Shona, about my clothes. Are they wearing flounces in New York now?"

"I'm sorry Pusey has such a foolish wife," I said when we came away.

"Foolish?" said Shona gravely. "No. Why should she wear old-fashioned frocks? Flounces have been out a long time in the East."

'We will be married next week, Shona," I said presently.

Her brown face softened and reddened, but she said nothing. Presently she took me by the hand, and led me to the door of her lodge. Then she brought out some tablecloths and china cups and a teapot

'These are for our home, John," she said shyly. "I saved my weekly pennies for two years. I hope you will like them."

I couldn't say a word as I turned the foolish little things over with my coarse fingers. It was the only time in my life that the tears came to my eyes. I left her and hurried into the thicket to be alone. As I stood in that clump of wet bushes, it seemed to me I had reached the summit of good in this life. The woman I loved was mine, home was waiting for us: work, triumph, delight, to fill every day of the years to come. My people were given to me to lift up, and I had the education and the will to do it. For a minute I stood there in the bushes, panting, facing life—triumphant.

Then ——

My father broke through the thorn bushes. His blanket was gone, and he looked more lean and ragged than usual. But he spoke, as always, with a grave dignity.

"I must have some money, John. Pytock has my blanket. He won it fairly. But I must win it back before night."

Now, Pytock was the drunken dog with whom he played every day. I gave him the money without a word. It was too late for words! It was too late when he was born. This thing was in his blood then.

He nodded and turned away, and soon was out of sight. But my whole life was changed. It was as if I had been walking singing on a flowery path, and a crack had broken open in it—down to hell.

During the next week I was busy with Pusey. I had a room at the agency and he went over all the books of the Reservation with me. They were the books he had kept during his control, and he explained his methods in dealing with the tribe. He was a just, well-meaning fellow, but he did not understand the red men. I fancied that I, being one of them, would do better, and this secret complacency helped to cheer me again. Shona, I knew, was preparing for our wedding the next week.

Friday was mail day. Just before dusk, Pusey called me into the office to show me the papers he had just received from the department.

"On Monday, I'll hand the reins over to you, Woods, and glad I'll be to do it! It's been a heavy job! Here is the quarterly payment," nodding to a little canvas bag lying on the desk. "Yes, Uncle Sam pays your people in gold. But you'll have to watch it with a hawk's eye. Some of them have light fingers. I hide it here."

He dropped the bag into an earthen pot, screwed on a metal lid, then he lifted a board in the floor, and placing the pot in the hole, covered it carefully again, shoving a barrel of papers over it.

"Better put it under lock and key," I said.

"No, I have no lock that they haven't broken. The only safety is in secrecy. Not a human being but you and I know of this cache. Well, that's done. We can go to supper, now."

I put out the light and we turned to the door. In the gray dusk of the outer room stood the figure of a man.

"Damnation!" cried Pusey.

"Oh, it's my father!" I said, taking him by the arm to lead him out with us.

Pusey did not speak for a minute, and then his voice was rasped and loud. It occurred to me that he had not learned the control and good-breeding of the red man, and then I forgot all about the matter.

The next morning before daybreak I was roused by a frantic yell. Pusey, half clothed, stood by my bed, a candle in his shaking hand.

"Woods, you're not asleep! You can't fool me! Get up. The money is gone."

'The money!"

I staggered to my feet. It is not the habit of an Indian to chatter or ask questions. I understood in that first minute all that had happened. If the money was gone, there were but two men who could have taken it. I was one of them. The other

I followed Pusey down to the office. He was swearing, with now and then a whimper in his fury.

"D——d redskin! When I was doing the best I could for him!"

The empty earthen pot stood on the desk. He put the candle beside it and faced me. His fat, good-humored face was livid.

I understood all that had happened as clearly as if I had thought it over for years. If I were the thief, there was an end of the agency, of my work—of Shona—of my life.

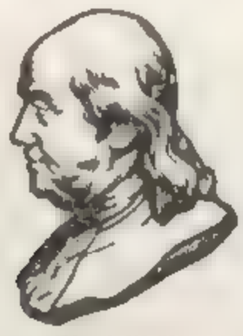
"You see," said Pusey, "it's gone. No one could have taken it but you or——"

I took him by the throat and shook him.

"Silence! No man shall call my father a thief, and live!" I said

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Man wants but little here below zero.

¶ The social lion is often a white elephant.

¶ Musical comedy uncovers a multitude of shins.

¶ Woman votes in some States; she rules everywhere.

¶ Money may talk, but it has a poor memory on the witness stand.

¶ The big stick—yes, the big stick at a thing until they accomplish it.

¶ Some people who are too lazy to think call themselves conservatives.

¶ Ten-dollar hospitality on a one-dollar man is eleven dollars wasted.

¶ A successful man may be known by the excuses he doesn't have to make.

¶ Those who tell old stories find many good people who have no sense of humor.

¶ The boy does examples; the youth follows examples; the man makes examples.

¶ Having never told a lie, George Washington decided not to write his autobiography.

¶ Doubtless good plays do fail, but wouldn't it be fine if one occasionally succeeded?

¶ The world figure of the future will speak English—but he will also need to know German.

¶ We can stand our misfortunes but not our boasting friend. Storms blow over. Braggarts blow ever.

¶ A corporation's contribution to a political campaign is either for favors received or for favors expected, and it exacts compound interest on its investment.

Paradoxology

IF THE New York librarian who removed Man and Superman from his open shelf had been seeking to please Bernard Shaw, he could not have done better. It is a foible of the Irish paradoxer to want to be taken seriously, and thus far the said librarian is about the only one to gratify him. One Roebuck Ramsden, it is true, denounced the volume as "the most scandalous, the most mischievous, the most blackguardly book that ever escaped the common hangman", but he prejudiced his case by adding "I have not read it, I have read what the papers say of it." Ramsden, moreover, is one of the characters of the play, and like his fellows in the *dramatis personæ* (to say nothing of those press denunciations) has no counterpart in life—or had none until this censor of literature gave him a *post facto* original.

The modern mind, it must be granted, is unduly given to paradox; but there are diversions far more dangerous. A young wife, lately discovered with her husband's best razor reduced to the similitude of a handsaw, admitted that, like the Young Wife of the comic papers, she had used it to sharpen her pencil. Her excuse was that she had heard so much about the damage young wives work to razors with pencils that she thought it could not be true. Score one for the eternal verities. That young wife will think twice before she follows her love of paradox to the extent of urging her husband to live with his mother-in-law.

If the heavy-handed librarian will take the trouble to read the book he has banned he will find its paradoxes similarly enlightening. They are mere intellectual acrobatics—infinitely diverting, but most so in the fact that their final effect is to make the normal mind perceive that the best place for feet is on the ground. "Things are what they are," said the sententious British philosopher, "and their consequences will be what they will be. Why, therefore, should we deceive ourselves?"

The reason why we should not is that we can't. The things about which we try to deceive ourselves rise up and hit us in the face. Real people survive the slap of actuality: it takes only one small try to convince them that a shaving edge will not cut carbon. And they find in the experience a stimulating tonic. It is better to follow the curves of the wildest paradox than to let the mind grow sluggish in the unthinking acceptance of doctrine. As for those who cannot land on their feet after an occasional parabolic flight, the sooner they are Oslerized out of the game of life as it is lived the better. And if a hint may be allowed as to the mode of their taking off, one is inclined to recommend the laughing gas of the Hibernian paradoxologer.

A Day Cometh

IN GERMANY and in Spain a considerable part of the inhabitants of certain districts are just now plunged in the deepest misery of actual want. But the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain, the "fathers and guardians" of those agonized peoples, are disporting themselves in extravagant luxury, giving brilliant entertainments, squandering millions sweated from the people in taxes. If the meanest member of one of the royal families were to die, this "blowing it in like a drunken sailor" would be suspended and the courts would go into mourning. But not for the tragic deaths of hundreds and thousands of mere subjects.

The day will surely come when such an exhibition as this, or similar careless exhibitions by the rich brothers of the poor in other parts of the world, will be as impossible as a cannibal feast.

Catching the Law-Dodgers

SPEAKING broadly, business has always taken certain liberties with the law. Its greater units have, in times past, maintained regular bureaus whose activities would not square with the statutes in that case made and provided. If a bill that was inimical to the pin and needle trade were introduced, the pin and needle dealers usually got together and raised a common fund to be turned over to some capable gentleman at the State capital without any finicky restrictions as to his uses of it. If he killed the bill the contributors were satisfied. If a new bay-window projected two feet over the sidewalk line a little good-natured gratuity to the building inspector was considered businesslike. It was often found more convenient to tip the village marshal than to remove the rubbish-heap back of the store.

This sort of thing was rather taken for granted. A great many persons conceived the idea that the winning crowd, the brisk, able fellows, were precisely those who took most advanced ground in regarding laws jocularly. Occasionally, it is true, Fate elected a victim. A scandal developed. Lightning struck. Somebody who had been "doing as the Romans did" was tossed to the lions.

It must be evident to everybody who reads a newspaper that of late the lightning has been striking with an ever-increasing frequency; that the election of victims is progressing from retail to wholesale; that it is approaching the pass where a man can scarcely be a lawbreaker, even in the most businesslike way, and sleep in peace. In Chicago four packers have been found guilty of taking freight rebates from railroads and fined an aggregate of $25,000. They tearfully appealed to the mercy of the court to escape a jail sentence. In Philadelphia the regnant political gang is actually threatened with destruction. These, of course, are extreme examples. With innumerable other and lesser contemporaneous phenomena they should make the young man pause and reconsider whether, after all, it is good business to seek his advantage along the shortest cuts.

Let the Guilty Pay

IN ALL the great wars of the past the highly important and pressing matter of fixing the blame has been left to history; the succeeding generation or its children or grandchildren learned just why, exactly through whose blundering or criminal ambition, the thousands of lives were sacrificed, the millions of debt were fastened upon the stooping shoulders of the people. But in this latest war the signs of the new order are clear and plain. The whole world, including the whole of intelligent Russia, knows that the war was caused by the rapacious Romanoff family, using the weak and vain Nicholas as its tool. To enrich Romanoffs, already vastly rich with their stealings through the centuries from the Russian people, all these Russians and Japanese have suffered and died, and the two nations are weighted with debt.

The next step? To make those who cause wars pay for them. To give those whose passion for "national glory" is so boundless the task of footing the bills, so far as possible.

After every war there should be a commission of inquiry, not only into the scandals of the war itself, but into the greater scandal of the brutal and bloody violation of the peace of mankind.

Family Heraldry

IN SPITE of the rage of the feminist and the humorist's laughter, race-suicide is a spectre that will not down. As America followed France, so England is following America. The London press is agog with the discussion. If full and accurate statistics were at hand, it would no doubt be found that in all European nations there is an increasing tendency among the prosperous and the intelligent to shirk the most vital duty which the present owes the future. Very different is the case among the ancestor-worshiping, children-loving Japanese. In no single respect is our boasted Western civilization so demonstrably inferior.

One reason for our shortcoming is that we do not realize that the duty of parenthood is also a privilege. Under the feudal system, according to which the highest calling was supposed to be military, no one received from the College of Heralds the title of gentleman who was not, at least in theory, physically, morally and financially able to honor the traditions of chivalry. "Armiger" and "Gent" were synonymous. If we were to limit the privilege of parenthood to those who are physically and financially qualified, would it not become an estate similarly coveted? The nursery would vie with the ballroom as a scene of social climbing. No doubt there would be passionate protests on the score of class distinction. The paragrapher would grow hilarious over the new Family Heraldry. But no human institution could be more thoroughly adapted, at least in theory, to give effect to modern doctrine as to the survival of the fit.

The really valid objection, of course, is with regard to the practical means for enforcing the new prohibition. The granting of family licenses is an office far beyond the scope of mortal wisdom; and, if it were not, it would give scope to a thousand times the manifold abuses that grew up about the comparatively simple office of the Heralds' College of old. A thorough-going family heraldry would be possible only in a state ideally socialistic.

The alternative, however, is tolerably clear. The escape from paternalism on the one hand and decadence on the other is a vast increase in the patriotism, and a general ennobling of the ideals, of those best qualified by nature and fortune to perpetuate the goods which life has given them.

That Campaign Contribution

PRESIDENT McCALL, admitting that he had paid some $150,000 of policy-holders' money to the Republican national campaign committees, "thanked God" that he had done it. It is unnecessary to question his piety, however much it may suggest that of the noble lord who said that, by the grace of Providence, he would be drunk that day week. His ethics, however, perfectly illustrate the cardinal point that unlimited power over so much money blunts the sense of trusteeship.

Mr. McCall argued that this was not a "political" contribution, but one to combat the free-silver heresy, the triumph of which would have vastly injured policy-holders. There were many men, some of them occupying positions of trust, who believed that free-silver would benefit everybody. If one of them had been president of the New York Life he might have contributed $150,000 of policy-holders' money to the Democrats with exactly the same moral justification that Mr. McCall claims for himself. Every public question appears to some men of ardent minds as supremely important. Under the McCall doctrine New York Life money might be contributed to promote the propaganda for government control of freight rates, or to combat it, according to the president's views on the subject.

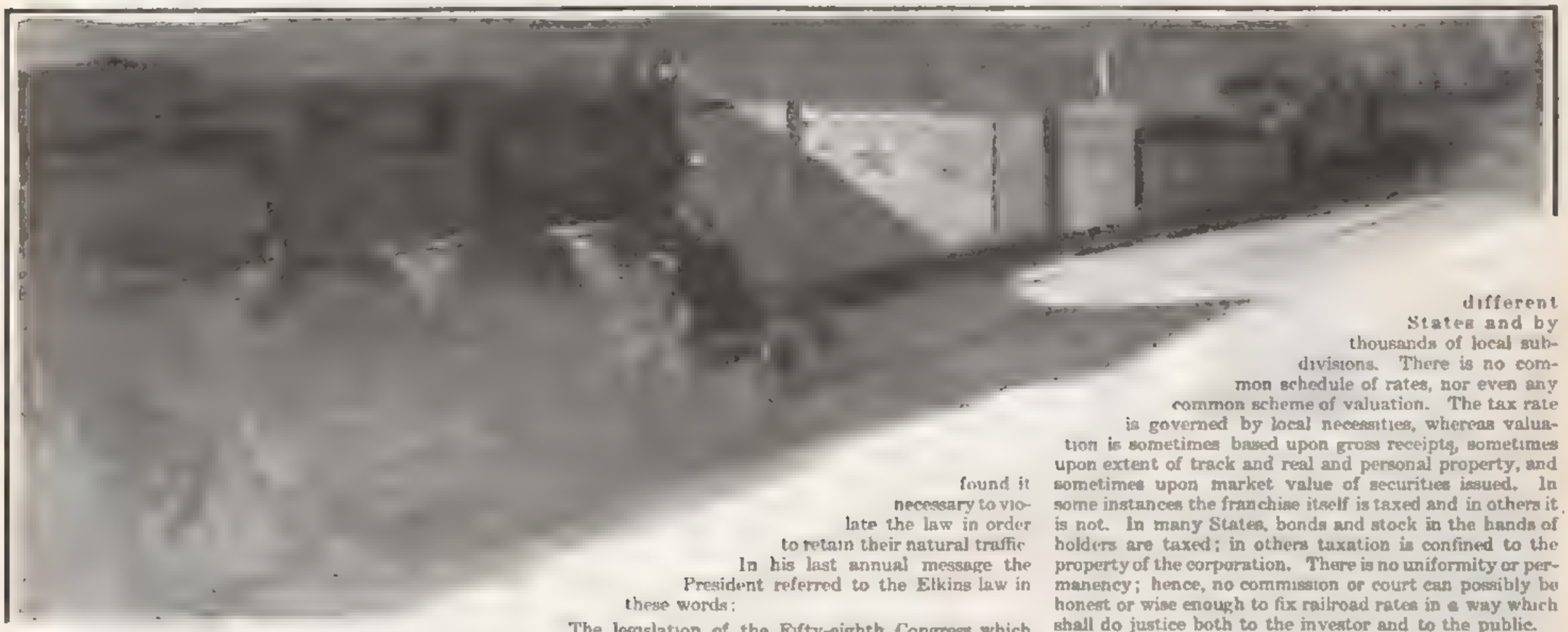
Why didn't Mr. McCall put the contribution down in his published statement of disbursements if he was so proud of it?

The life-insurance magnates, with their autocratic and almost unrestricted control of hundreds of millions, are unable to keep a firm grasp upon the simple idea that it is no more their money than as though it had been handed them to buy a postage stamp with. Mr. McCall amply demonstrates the necessity of strict limitations upon the use of life-insurance funds.

The Battle of the Railroad Rates

A New Solution of the Present Problem—By WILLIAM E. SMYTHE

Author of Constructive Democracy



THE Battle of the Railroad Rates is soon to begin in downright earnest. The preliminary skirmish was fought last winter, when the Regulators carried the House of Representatives with a rush, but the enemy retreated to the United States Senate, where they have been intrenching themselves ever since. The heavy engagement is expected to begin with the President's message in December and to rage fiercely for several months, for everybody anticipates a protracted siege. No one can now tell which flag will float over the works when Congress adjourns in the summer of 1906.

If only the railroad question were involved the struggle would be important, but it means much more than that. It is the beginning of a war between organized dollars and organized men—between capital and society. The task the President has set for himself—or, rather, the task which events have compelled him to assume—is to find the course between the Scylla of Plutocracy and the Charybdis of Socialism. A mere politician would shudder at the prospect, but a statesman sure of his hold upon the popular confidence, with nothing further to ask of the electorate, and with no ambition except to write his name as high as he can among those who have served the Republic, can go forward to meet the momentous question of the hour with a glad heart. It is an epochal opportunity—and when has Roosevelt failed to make the most of his opportunities?

The Futility of Esch-Townsendism

THE proposition before the country is the regulation of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission, subject to review by a Court of Transportation. The Esch-Townsend bill was a measure of this character, and it passed the House by the panic-stricken vote of 326 to 17—a speaking tribute to the power of public opinion, but a tell-tale revelation of the paucity of thought and flabbiness of conviction behind the bill so unceremoniously flung at the Senate. The measure itself, and the manner in which it passed the House without discussion at all commensurate with its importance, is a striking example of the congressional habit of trying to appease popular clamor with whatever comes handiest and without any brave, sincere, thorough-going attempt to remove the cause of complaint In so far as Esch-Townsendism would be effective, it is unnecessary, because it adds nothing to the force of laws already on the statute book, and as a means of reaching the deeper evils inherent in railroad monopoly it would not only be futile, but mischievous and dangerous.

Most of the specific complaint about railroad abuses is directed to rebates and discriminations. It is an open secret that the railroad managers are themselves sincerely desirous of abolishing rebates and discriminations, and that the drastic Elkins law was framed and passed with their sympathy and support. The railroads have been the victims of the greed of great shippers, and have frequently found it necessary to violate the law in order to retain their natural traffic In his last annual message the President referred to the Elkins law in these words:

> The legislation of the Fifty-eighth Congress which declares it to be unlawful for any person or corporation to offer, grant, give, solicit, accept or receive any rebate, concession or discrimination in respect to the transportation of any property in interstate or foreign commerce, whereby such property shall, by any device whatever, be transported at a less rate than that named in the tariffs published by the carrier, must be enforced.

What could be more sweeping than the law the President describes, as a means of abolishing abuses which have arisen from rebates and discriminations? Surely, if the Esch-Townsend bill is aimed at these evils it is a work of supererogation. If the Elkins law be amended so as to forbid the use of private cars and private terminal-track and side-track systems, it would seem to furnish a complete remedy for those evils which have been so justly denounced by the La Follette school of reformers

Would Increase Political Evils

THE Esch-Townsend scheme advances no adequate remedy for the other and deeper evils arising from the monopoly of transportation in the United States. One of the most portentous of these evils is the railroad influence in politics, which is the foundation-stone in a vast and far-reaching structure of political corruption. So far from removing this influence, the bill which passed the House would intensify it and fasten it more firmly upon our institutions. If a commission appointed by the President can revise ten thousand rates and classifications and thereby regulate the earnings of billions of dollars, the control of that commission instantly becomes the greatest prize in American politics. Its decisions will make and unmake the fortunes of Wall Street, and, as these decisions are subject to review by a Court of Transportation, the court itself would become the object for which powerful and clashing interests would contend. If early information about the condition of the cotton crop proved an irresistible temptation to interested parties in Wall Street and Washington, what sort of a temptation would be presented in connection with this plan of regulating railroad rates? It is unthinkable that a graft-ridden nation should deliberately open the door to such sinister possibilities in its effort to solve the problem of railroad monopoly.

But assuming that we are always to have wise and honest Presidents, who will always appoint wise and honest commissions and courts, would the Esch-Townsend scheme then offer a workable solution of the problem with which it deals? Would it guarantee fair treatment to the vast capital involved and reasonable rates to the shipping and traveling public?

These questions must be answered in the negative, for even honesty and wisdom could not achieve such results unless vested with control of all the factors entering into the problem. For example, the taxes paid upon railroad property represent an important item which must be taken into account in calculating the net earnings of the investment. Taxes are now determined by forty-five different States and by thousands of local subdivisions. There is no common schedule of rates, nor even any common scheme of valuation. The tax rate is governed by local necessities, whereas valuation is sometimes based upon gross receipts, sometimes upon extent of track and real and personal property, and sometimes upon market value of securities issued. In some instances the franchise itself is taxed and in others it is not. In many States, bonds and stock in the hands of holders are taxed; in others taxation is confined to the property of the corporation. There is no uniformity or permanency; hence, no commission or court can possibly be honest or wise enough to fix railroad rates in a way which shall do justice both to the investor and to the public.

If, then, rate regulation by a commission and a court be an impossible remedy for intolerable evils, are we driven to the acceptance of government ownership? The answer is, No, and for two reasons. First, Secretary Taft, in his elaborate address to the Republican State Convention of Ohio, declared that the Administration would not consider government ownership, and it is the present Administration with which the country must deal in the immediate future. Second, a scientific measure has been proposed which offers all the advantages of government ownership with none of its dangers. This measure will be vigorously urged by a large and influential following, and has, apparently, a good fighting chance for ultimate acceptance.

Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, whose constructive faculty found expression in the national irrigation law with which his name is associated, has long believed that railroad monopoly would be one of the big issues of the future, and that close upon its heels would come other industrial monopolies to tax the wisdom of American statesmanship. The measure which he brought forward in the form of a joint resolution last January, and which seems likely to emerge from the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in the form of a minority report next December, is the fruit of many years' study.

James Russell Lowell said: "The only argument you can have with the east wind is to button up your coat." Senator Newlands believes that railroad monopoly has come to pass in response to inexorable universal law, and that, instead of persisting in our futile efforts to destroy monopoly, it is our true policy to accept monopoly, tame it, domesticate it, and make it bear the burdens of mankind. He believes this may be done with absolute justice to the investors who own the railroads and to the traveling and shipping public who use the railroads, and that it may be done in a way which constitutes sane, deliberate and scientific preparation for outright public ownership at some future time.

Legalized Consolidation

SENATOR NEWLANDS frankly says that the six groups of ownership we now have are better for the country than the thousand systems we had four years ago, and that one railroad system would be better than six. Hence, he proposes to take down all the barriers in the way of an early and complete consolidation of all American railways into a single comprehensive system. This he would do by means of a national incorporation act.

Senator Newlands has endeavored to find an automatic method of regulating railroad rates. His idea is to have fixed dividends, limited to a normal return (say, four per cent.), on the present value of the property. This would remove the incentive for charging excessive rates, since the profits of stockholders could not thereby be increased to the extent of a single penny. It would also remove the temptation to give special rebates and unfair discriminations as a means of attracting the business of great

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shippers. There would be a single system, and it would make no difference to its stockholders which of its branches moved the freight of the Steel Trust, for example. The total earnings of the combined system would go into a common pool and be available for the payment of a fixed dividend no more and no less. There would be no discrimination in favor of competitive points, for the simple and conclusive reason that there would be no competition Under these conditions, rate regulation could safely be left to the expert minds employed in railroad management, subject to supervisory control by a commission.

Since there is no possible basis for a scientific determination of net earnings without uniformity and permanency in methods of taxation, and since the manipulation of the tax item by forty-five States and thousands of local sub-divisions is a prolific source of corruption in politics, Senator Newlands proposes that railroad taxes, like railroad dividends, shall be fixed by Congressional action, once and for all. He proposes a tax on gross receipts as a method which has the advantage of simplicity and justice. Gross earnings cannot be juggled, and they are a fair index of the condition of the business. Senator Newlands proposes that this revenue shall be collected, in the form of a franchise tax, under the authority of the Nation itself, and then divided among the several States upon some equitable basis. Railroad taxes now amount to about three per cent. of the gross receipts. He would take this as a starting-point and gradually raise it to five per cent., where it would permanently remain. Thus the States would receive, upon the average, sixty-six per cent. more than now, without the expense of collection

The "Unearned Increment"

The scheme of reorganization of the railroad industry by means of national incorporation involves the valuation of the property by the Government. Such a valuation could not be avoided in any event if there is to be anything approaching scientific regulation of rates, for it is quite imperative that there should be some mathematical relation between the value of the investment and the net earnings permitted by law. It would be equally necessary to fix the valuation if the Government were to purchase the property outright

Senator Newlands proposes that the present value of railroad property shall be determined at the time national incorporation becomes effective, and that this value shall be the basis upon which normal returns shall be collected. He would prohibit capitalization in excess of the value thus ascertained, and when new lines are purchased or constructed he would limit the increased capitalization to the actual price paid for the property or the actual amount expended in construction. The railroads would then be permitted to earn normal dividends upon their increased capital.

What would become of net earnings in excess of lawful dividends, and of the "unearned increment" which will accrue in the future with the growth of the country, the enforcement of greater economy, and the application of new devices to save time, labor and money? This excess of earnings and of values would be applied, under the Newlands plan, to give the public better service, and constantly lowering rates for freight and passenger traffic, and to give labor higher wages, shorter hours, and pensions for disability and old age.

This plan does absolute justice to capital. The great magnates have contended for years that consolidation of ownership and centralization of control were distinctly in the line of scientific progress.

Senator Newlands proposes that the American people shall take the great magnates at their word. Let their monopoly be perfected and legalized, so that they may enjoy the full benefit of the principle which they have fastened upon the industrial life of the nation. Their lines will not be paralleled by blackmailing promoters, nor will they be "held up" by designing corporations having great shipments to confer or withhold. Railroad investment ceases to be a hazardous adventure and the securities issued by the transportation monopoly become almost as good as government bonds. For the Newlands scheme of regulation involves, as an equitable corollary, what amounts to a government guaranty of normal returns and a government insurance against losses. The united railroad system is permitted to fix rates

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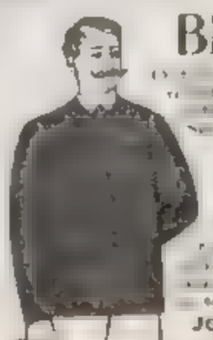

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which will yield the lawful dividend—no more and no less. It is perfectly feasible to create a reserve fund to guard against any sudden diminution in railroad earnings.

Although the promoters who are now engaged in capitalizing the unearned increment of the future in order that they may reap where they have not sown, and the Wall Street speculators who make their fortunes by manipulating stock, will naturally oppose such a measure as the Newlands bill, the great investing public which supplies real money for the railroad business should welcome such a solution of the problem.

Justice to the Public, Too

Not only does this method do justice to capital, but it does justice to the people. Billions of dollars are employed, and must always be employed, in the conduct of the railroad business. Money will not work, any more than labor, without its wages. Even if the Nation owned the railroad system, it would still have to pay, in one form or another, for the use of the vast capital represented by the investment. But this plan eliminates the speculative profits of the promoter and stock-gambler and pays capital only the normal return which is earned by the best securities. Having done so, it gives to society itself, in the shape of better service and constantly decreasing rates, the great values which are to be created in the future by society. For what reasonable man can deny that the increase in values which will inevitably arise in the future will be due, not to the present investment, but to the natural growth of the country and to the enterprise and labor of millions of men applied to many different channels of commerce and development?

The Newlands plan renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. To capital, it gives the best security and assurance of legitimate earnings; to the State, its just share of taxes, measured by the prosperity of the business; to labor, good wages, reasonable hours, and the reward of faithful service in illness or old age; to the traveling and shipping public, the highest efficiency at lowest cost.

The Railroad Out of Politics

But most important of all, the Newlands plan would take the railroad out of politics and remove the foundation-stone upon which a widespread system of political corruption has arisen during the past generation. Why are the railroads in politics so deeply? Senator Newlands answered this question in the course of a debate in the Senate last January, as follows:

> We know to-day that, as a result of the taxing power and of the rate-regulating power as to domestic rates that are possessed by the various States of the Union, the railroads are invited into politics. It is impossible for them to escape politics. The result is that they take part in the election of every officer whose duties are likely to trench in any degree upon the taxing power or the rate-regulating power.
>
> These railroads do everything systematically, and hence entering into politics with them means the organization of a political machine in every State in the Union, and as they pursue the lines of least resistance it oftentimes means the alliance of the railroads with the corrupt element of every community.
>
> So it is that the railroads are present everywhere in politics, forced to be in politics by the existing condition of things, for their properties lie between the upper and the nether millstone—the upper millstone the taxing power, and the nether millstone the rate-making power. Between the two they can be crushed, and it is not in human nature to expect them not to take an interest in politics; and if they take an interest in politics that interest is often likely to be exercised in such a way as to be to the disadvantage and injury of the community. If they exercise no political power they are liable to be held up by the blackmailer or attacked and injured by the demagogue, or to be prostrated by storms of popular violence. On the other hand, if they secure political control, they are likely to use it to promote extortion and monopoly.

To make Cheap Gas-light for Country Homes.

TAKE a common Clay Pipe.

Put a simple "Acetylene" Gas-burner on its stem.

Bind the two in position with a tight-fitting piece of Rubber Hose

Then fill the bowl of the pipe with fine-ground Calcium Carbide

Next tie a rag over head of the bowl to keep in the Carbide

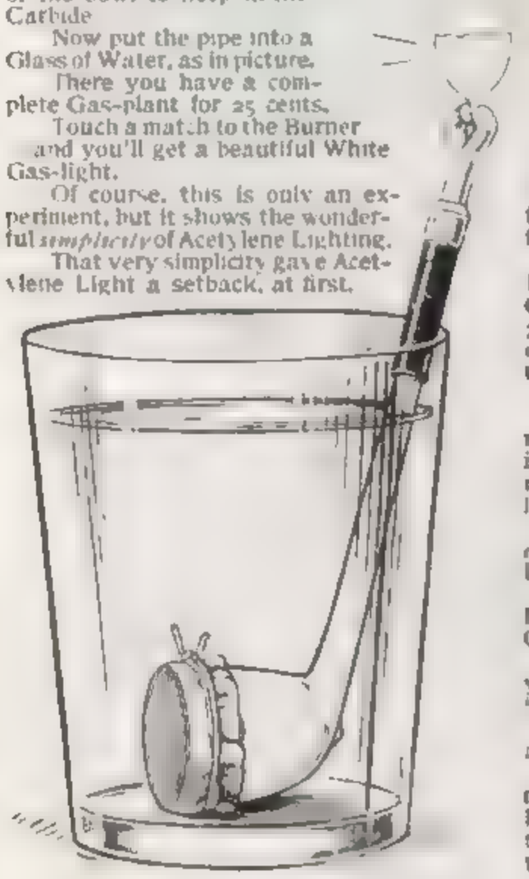
Now put the pipe into a Glass of Water, as in picture.

There you have a complete Gas-plant for 25 cents.

Touch a match to the Burner and you'll get a beautiful White Gas-light.

Of course, this is only an experiment, but it shows the wonderful *simplicity* of Acetylene Lighting.

That very simplicity gave Acetylene Light a setback, at first.



It seemed so *simple* to turn Calcium Carbide into Gas-light that over 600 different kinds of "tanks" and "Acetylene Machines" were invented, patented, and marketed for the purpose, by about as many different people.

Well, the thing to be expected certainly happened!

About 530 of these "Acetylene Machines" had been invented and sold by people who knew more about *Finance* than they did about *Gas making*.

The "Calcium Carbide" was all right *all* the time, but 530 of the machines for turning it into Gas were all wrong *all* the time.

So Acetylene Gas "got a bad name," though it is clear enough *now* that it never *deserved* it at any time.

It was like selling *Wood Stoves* to burn Hard Coal in, and then blaming the *Coal* for not burning.

Lots of things happened to grieve the Owners of these 530 makes of alleged "Acetylene Machines."

But very few *accidents* occurred from them even in the days of rank experiment and dense ignorance, among "Generator" Makers.

Of course a gun will go off unexpectedly, now and then, if the trigger be pulled by a person who "didn't know it was loaded."

But that's no fault of the Ammunition—Is it?

Well, finally the Insurance Companies got after these 530 odd makes of "Acetylene Machines" that wouldn't Acetylate, and the Insurance Board made an investigation of all Generators that were submitted to them.

Then out of the 600 odd "Machines" patented, only about 70 were "permitted" by the Insurance Board to be used

Oh, what a howl was there!

By "permitted" I mean that the Insurance Board was willing that any building should be Insured, without extra charge, which used any one of these 70 Acetylene Generators it had found safe, and effective. Just as it permitted houses to be piped for City Gas, or wired for Electricity, under proper conditions.

Now, the Insurance Companies *ought* to know whether or not these 70 different makes of Acetylene Generators were absolutely Safe to use.

Because, *they* have to pay the bills, if Fire or Explosion occurs, from any one of the Acetylene Generators they authorize.

And, here's a proof of their good judgment.

Though there are now Two Million people using Acetylene Light in America, there have only been *four* Fires from it in one year, against 8665 Fires from Kerosene and Gasoline.

There have also been 4601 Fires from Electricity, 1707 Fires from City Gas, and 520 Fires from Candles.

Besides these there have been 26 Fires from the Sun's rays. But,—only *four* Fires from Acetylene.

That shows how *careful* the Insurance Board was in its examination of Acetylene Generators, and in "permitting" only the 70 makes that were *above suspicion*, out of the 600 experiments that were once on the market

Well,—the boom in Acetylene Lighting made *lower prices* possible on the material it is derived from, viz., Calcium Carbide, a material that looks like Granite but acts like Magic.

Today, Acetylene Light is a full *third cheaper* than Kerosene Light, or Gasoline Light, per Candle Power.

It is not more than *half* the price of Electric Light, nor *three-fourths* that of City Gas.

If I can't *prove* these statements to your full satisfaction my name is not "Acetylene Jones."

But Acetylene is *more* than the *safest* and *cheapest* Light of the year 1905.

It is also the *Whitest* Light—the nearest to natural Sunlight in health-giving Blue and Violet rays, and because of this, with its freedom from flicker, it is the easiest of all Artificial Light on the *Eyes*.

It is so much like *real* Sunlight that it has made plants grow 24 hours per day in dark cellars where no ray of Sunlight could reach them. It made them grow *twice as fast* as similar plants that had only the Sunlight of day-time, viz., half the time.

That was proven by Cornell University in a three months' experiment made this very year.

* * *

Now, I've saved up for the last a point more important to you than all the others about Acetylene Light

It consumes only *one-fourth* as much of the vital *Oxygen* from the Air of Living rooms or bed-rooms, as either Kerosene or City Gas-Light consumes.

That's a *tremendous* difference in a life-time, mark you—three-fourths of a difference.

Because,—*Oxygen* is *Life*

And every bit of Oxygen stolen from the lungs of Women, Children and Men, through Lighting, is a loss that can never be made good again.

A 24 Candle-Power Acetylene Light costs you only *two-fifths* of a cent per hour

That's about $5.85 per year, if burned every night in the year for four steady hours

A Kerosene Lamp of equal capacity would cost you a third more, viz.: *three-fifths* of a cent per hour *for Kerosene alone*, or $8.76 per year.

That's exclusive of broken lamp chimneys, new wicks, and the everlasting drudgery and danger of cleaning, filling and trimming daily.

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LITERARY FOLK

Henry Wallace Phillips,
Who Admits that the Scraggs Whom He Knew was a Serious-Minded Gentleman

The Real Scraggs

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS has often been asked whether his Scraggs is a character with any foundation in fact. For some time there has been no answer forthcoming to any such queries, but the other day Mr. Phillips admitted that there was, somewhere in the West, a real Scraggs whom he had met and known in the course of those wanderings which have taken this author from Dan to Beersheba.

"The real Scraggs, however," said Mr. Phillips, "had no sense of humor—not a vestige of it. In fact, he was the worst prophet of ill that ever I saw. He was never certain that the sun would rise tomorrow; he always had doubts—in spite of his abounding health—whether he would be alive to eat his next meal and—in spite of his comfortable circumstances—whether there would be a next meal for him to eat if he should happen to remain alive long enough to eat it. He mistrusted the business ventures of all his friends and he never bade any one good-night or good-by, for no matter how short a time, without expressing the certainty that the departing one would never more return.

"This got on the nerves of a miner from Cripple Creek one day. He had met Scraggs for the first time that afternoon and Scraggs had prophesied death to every person mentioned in their conversation, and destruction to every enterprise touched upon. Finally the miner, unable to stand it any longer, arose to go.

"'I guess I'll run along,' he said. 'I've got to ride ten miles down to Boulder by six o'clock; then I'm going into Denver to meet my son who's coming West.'

"Scraggs held out his hand, made a long face, and dourly moaned:

"'That so? Ten miles? Denver? Son? Well, well, good-by. Guess I'll never see you again, then.'

"The miner looked him over with ill-concealed disgust. 'I hope you won't,' he answered."

Popularity by the Clock

"THE queerest thing about the book-business is the suddenness with which a novel comes into popularity, and the suddenness with which it goes out."

The speaker was a man who, for ten years, has been "on the road" for one of the largest publishing houses in America. He has seen the rise and fall of the whole "big-seller" movement; has had his share in making not a few successes, and is in every way qualified to speak of the trade as one having authority.

"In fact," he pursued—he was relaxing over an after-dinner cigar in a Chicago hotel—"you may put it down as a sure thing that every big seller will come up with a jump and then die as sudden a death as if it was struck dead in a flash by heart-failure. No coroner's court can show a list

You write a few letters in the morning and late afternoon of life which could be done on wrapping-paper with a pencil, and yet so great an interest is taken in what was written that what it was written *on* would be entirely overlooked. The larger proportion of your correspondence, however, is subjected to colder scrutiny, and the appearance of a letter is an equally important factor in the impression it leaves.

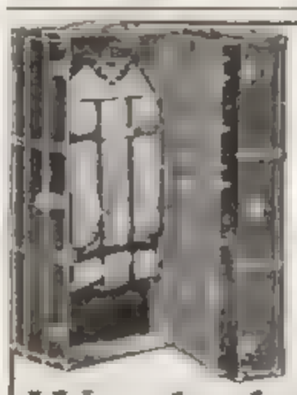
Eaton-Hurlbut Correspondence Papers

are worthy ambassadors, whatever may be your message or your personality. The three famous linens — Highland Linen, Twotone Linen, and Berkshire Linen Fabric, faultless for every occasion, yet with a wide range of choice in color, size and surface — brand your good taste as irrevocably as your signature does the opinions you have expressed.

EATON-HURLBUT

Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Company, Pittsfield, Mass.

"The Gentle Art of Letter Writing," delightful desk book for all who write letters, sent free on request for the name of a dealer who does not sell Eaton Hurlbut Correspondence papers.



NO unpacking when you arrive, no packing when you leave, no [illegible] from wrinkles

The ABC Wardrobe Trunk

[illegible] perfect trunk for both men and women [illegible] it is instantly accessible. No trays [illegible] for everything—lasts a lifetime

Price $35.00 and Upwards.

Abel & Bach Company,
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

ABC

The new heat-imparting Thermalite Bag
"Successor to the Hot Water Bag"

[illegible] that a little money can buy.

John Wanamaker says: "There will be a Thermalite Bag in every home in the land [illegible] in five years. No. 2 (2 quart size) $2.

"Heat is Life"

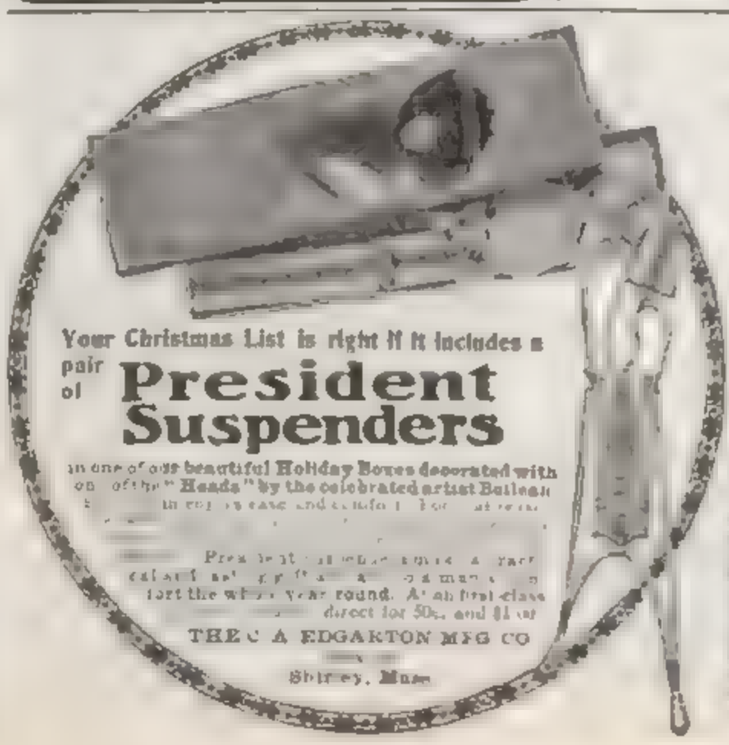
[illegible] for further descriptive book

THE THERMALITE COMPANY, 162 Elm St., New York City

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attorneys,
963 F. Street, Washington, D. C.



Your Christmas List is right if it includes a pair of President Suspenders

in one of our beautiful Holiday Boxes decorated with one of the "Heads" by the celebrated artist Bulleau

[illegible] direct for 50c. and $1.00

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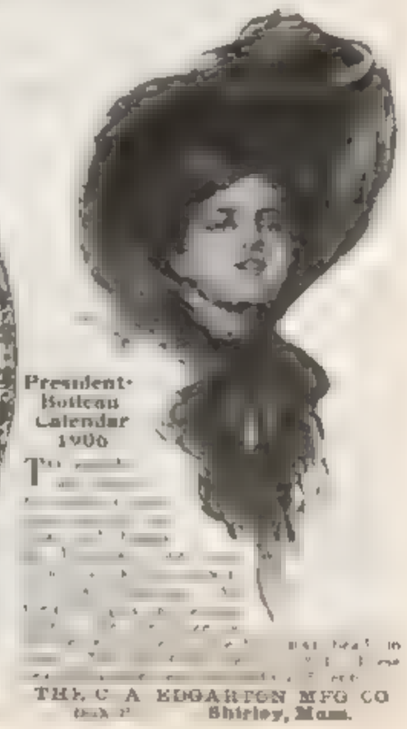
Shirley, Mass.



THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Shirley, Mass.

Eye-glasses
with
Fox Lasso Mountings

Wear them to work, to play, to read, to do anything requiring the use of the eyes They won't come off, or wobble or tilt: but will at all times be held firmly before the eyes without pinching the nose

[illegible] Ask your optician for them If he hasn't them, write us and we will see that you get them

Fox Optical Manufacturing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

Underwear for Winter

The "Vellastic" Marks a Revolution in the Comfort and Cost of Underwear.

Men and women who are accustomed to regard winter as a period of colds, rheumatism and discomfort, will appreciate the new kind of underwear that is fast coming into use. It is known as Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear, and unites low price with high value

This underwear is exactly what its name implies—rib and fleece. That is, the rib runs lengthwise and the fleece is knitted in crosswise, thus combining warmth and elasticity

No ordinary washing will shrink Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece in form or size. Its soft down and elastic nature remain uninjured

Outdoor men especially appreciate the snug-fitting protection of Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece, preferring it to any other. Men's and women's garments 50c each

Boys' girls' and children's separate garments are 25c, union suits 50c

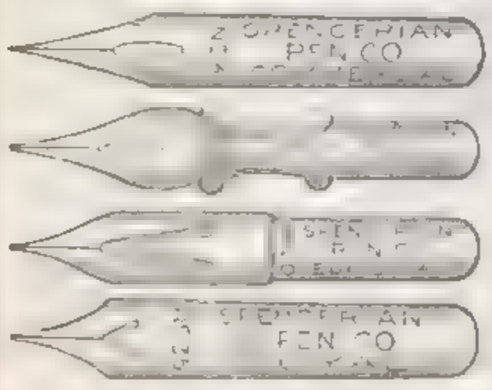
VELLASTIC UTICA

Made under Fabric Pat. 603164 Apr. 26'98

Every garment bears the trade-mark, Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece. If your dealer does not have them, write us giving his name. Booklet and sample of fabric free

Utica Knitting Company, Utica, New York

SPENCERIAN
The Standard of Excellence for over forty years **STEEL PENS**



Select a pen for your writing from a sample card of special numbers for correspondence. 12 pens for 6c. in postage stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

of quicker demises than the ledgers of our book-publishers for the past decade—only the publishers aren't making their facts public. Of our successes it may almost be said that such or such a one, for instance, began to 'go' at, say, a quarter to one on such and such an afternoon and dropped stone-dead without previous warning at 10:45 A. M. this or that many days later.

"What's the reason? Well, any one who can tell that can make a million."

Mr. Smith Returns

F. HOPKINSON SMITH is now back from his annual summer in Europe where, as always, he spent much of his time sketching in Venice. Mr. Smith's New York home has all the air of good old-fashioned comfort which characterized the prosperous days of Colonel Carter's house in Fairfax County, suh.

Rugs, chairs and tables all speak solidity, and in at the door of the big dining-room you are forever expecting the entrance of Oliver Horn

A Royal Nuisance

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS has been spending the summer in France, where he has just completed his new novel—a story for which he has not yet been able to secure a title that suits him, but which, in spite of its foreign birth, is as thoroughly democratic as anything this author has yet written. In fact, strong as have always been the democratic ideas of Mr. Phillips, it is possible that they may be somewhat accentuated in his new story; and if this is so the scions of royalty will have one of their own number to blame for it—it is all the fault of the careless young King of Spain.

When Mr. Phillips struck Paris that volatile city was bubbling over with enthusiasm because Alfonso was about to visit it. And Mr. Phillips wrote home:

"The young Spanish King has spoiled my Paris for me. I came here to see the capital of the great European republic, and I have been utterly disenchanted to find its citizens giving thought to nothing but the honor which is being conferred on them because a precocious youth from Madrid, who happens to be the son of a king, has decided to stop for a while and have a good time there."

Herford Surrenders

OLIVER HERFORD was waylaid not long since by a lion hunter who made a determined effort to have him at one of her dinners. The writer made a graceful but determined effort to summon excuses.

"You certainly can spare one evening," said the persistent hostess. "Why not Monday? Won't you come Monday?"

"Unfortunately, madam," said Mr Herford, "I have already accepted an invitation to dinner on Monday"

"Then Tuesday?"

"I'm very sorry, but I have an appointment with my publisher for Tuesday evening."

"Surely not Wednesday?"

"Wednesday? Yes, I've accepted tickets to the theatre for Wednesday evening."

"Never mind, I sha'n't be discouraged. Come Thursday."

"Oh, well," sighed Mr Herford, "make it Monday!"

New Washingtoniana

WASHINGTON letters being always at a premium, the announcement of the existence of a whole new series of such epistles will interest every student of American history. Their discovery came about through the summer visit of a New York book-man to the Catskills, where he happened, one day, to be in conversation with Mrs Louisa Lear Eyre, of Philadelphia. Some mention was made of the value of such letters and the demand for more of them by the reading public.

"Why," said Mrs. Eyre, "I have really quite a series of originals in the house at this minute. I wonder if you would care to look at them."

You may be sure that the book-man expressed more than a casual interest, and the result was the production of a family heirloom of no small importance, the letters having, for the most part, been written in Washington's own hand to Tobias Lear, Mrs. Eyre's ancestor, who was for many years secretary to the first President.

ANY man—in college, business, or profession—who is young enough or old enough to care how his clothes look, is just the right age for our clothes.

You'll find a right overcoat for your age and taste with our label in it.

Ask your clothier; but be sure of the label; it means all wool quality and no "mercerized cotton" cheat; it's a small thing to look for, a big thing to find Send for Style Book; six cents.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

THE Dictator TRADE MARK SHOE
$3.00 and $3.50
For Informal Functions
In the "Dictator" styles for Tuxedo wear

NOTE [illegible]

Dealers—Write for Our Agency Proposition

JOHN W. RUSS CO.
ESTABLISHED 1856
369 RIVER ST., HAVERHILL, MASS.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of FAMOUS PERSONS Bought and Sold. WALTER R. BENJAMIN, 1 W. 30th St. New York. SEND FOR PRICE LISTS

REDUCED RATES on Household Goods to or from Colorado, California Washington and Oregon. HEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO. 90 S. Washington St. Chicago

Lamp-chimney Glass is not all alike by a good deal.

MACBETH'S chimneys are made to stand heat, create a proper draft, and to compel a lamp to do its best.

My name is on it if it's a MACBETH.

My Index explains all these things fully and interestingly; tells how to care for lamps. It's free—let me send it to *you*. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Prayer and Push

To work with the hands, to be prayerful and strong,
Is the mandate of all the religions:
Have a good aim in life and yet don't aim too long—
It's the quick shot who gets the clay pigeons.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

Modesty

"THE only man I ever knew who could boast and yet remain modest was our guide, Louis Viger," said Marion Taylor, president of the Louisville Board of Trade, just returned from a shooting trip in Plastique Parish, Louisiana.

"We had always taken Antoine Lemaitre to guide us, but this time he was sick. The mayor of the little town introduced Louis, a tall, slender, proud Acadian, whose only attire was a cotton shirt, ancient trousers and a flapping old hat, but whose double-barreled shotgun was much finer than any in our party.

"'But are you as good a guide as Antoine?' I asked him. 'We think there is no one in the world like Antoine.'

"'*M'sieu*,' Louis replied with dignity, 'I will tell you one t'ing, an' you shall judge. Two weeks pas' Antoine an' I go to hunt duck. He take his bateau one side ze bayou; I take my bateau ze odaire side ze bayou. We see not'ing. We hear not'ing.

"'Bimeby one duck he fly right down ze meeddle of ze bayou. Ze duck say "Quack-quack!" Antoine say "Bang-bang!" I say "Bang-bang!" An', by gar! Antoine keell hees half dat duck; I keell my half, too, by gar!'"

Now Would It?

If a lesson you teach is taught
And the water you drink is drunk,
Has a sermon you preach been praught
Or the thought that you think been thunk?

If the kiss that you steal is stolen
And the horse that you ride is ridden,
Has the love you are feeling been folen
Or the knot that was tied been tidden?

If the girl that you woo has been wooed
And the boat that you row is rowed,
Has the mustache you grew been grewed
And the pace you are going goed?

If water was freezing and froze
And the vine that was clinging clung,
Would the hand you were squeezing be squoze,
Or the gift you were bringing brung?

If half of two geese is a goose
And more than one tooth are teeth,
Would half of two peas be a poose
And more than one truth be treeth?

—*Allison Yezell*

A King Can Do No More

WHEN, at a tea in England some time ago, Maxine Elliott met King Edward, she had a happy method of turning aside all curious questioners upon the occurrence.

"Ah, well now," she said, "the King is a gentleman. How can I find anything to discuss in his conversation? For a gentleman never says anything bizarre or revolutionary, and every one knows that the best conversation is never the kind that furnishes memorable quotation. The King drinks his tea and makes himself agreeable. What gentleman or what king could do more?"

How Bailey Came to Barnum's

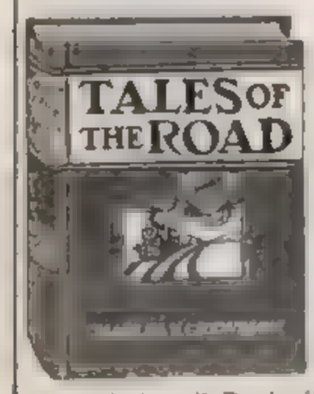
THE story of the origin of the partnership between the circusmen Barnum and Bailey is as picturesque as the posters that subsequently announced their show. When Mr. Bailey headed the old firm of Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper, their chief attraction was "Gib, the elephant with two trunks."

Gib was a wonder, the whole country was crazy to see him, and everywhere the Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper show spread its tents they were crowded to their limit.

Phineas T. Barnum did not like the tremendous success his rivals were having. Calling in his secretary, he said in a thoughtful and puzzled way, "Dan, did you ever see that Gib?"

Tales of the Road

By Charles N. Crewdson



Published in book form, containing the "Post" chapters, besides a number of others.

For sale by all Booksellers or sent postpaid for $1.50 by the Publishers.

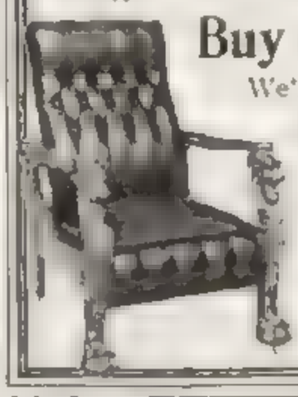
THOMPSON & THOMAS
338 Wabash Ave., Chicago

DAVENPORT BEDS

Are easy to operate.

Changed from Davenport to Bed as easily and quickly as opening a door—the same principle, too. Luxuriously comfortable double bed, full width head and foot-board—pillow can't fall off—and a splendid mattress built of finest steel springs, covered with moss and curled hair and upholstered in leather (or soft materials). Only the best oak-tanned, grain leather is used. In soft goods, the latest weaves and colors. **Look for the Streit trade-mark—guarantees quality and workmanship.**

Streit Morris Chairs The most comfortable chair you ever dropped into. It has a head-rest that really *rests* the head. Back is specially curved to fit the body. Same fine upholstery as Davenport (see above). *To fully relax muscles and nerves, feet must be off the floor.* Streit foot-rest is the proper height. Guarantee with each chair—known by trade-mark

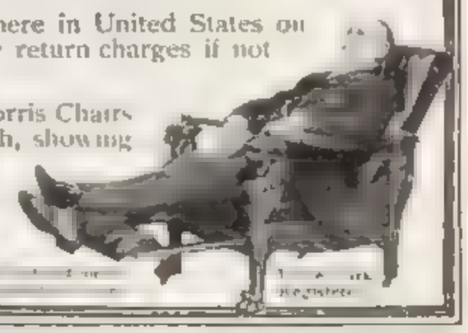


Buy of your dealer if possible. If he hasn't "Streit," order direct from us.

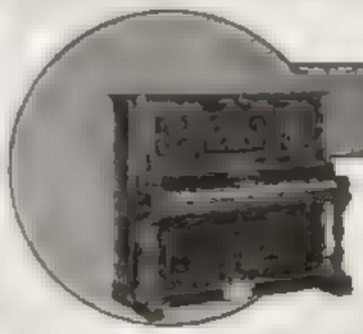
We'll send bed or chair anywhere in United States on approval; we agree to pay return charges if not satisfactory.

Write for catalogue of Morris Chairs or Davenport Beds, or both, showing over 50 styles, tells why Streit furniture lasts [illegible]

The C. F. Streit Mfg. Co.
1050 Kenner St.,
Cincinnati, O.



They satisfy the artist in the [illegible]



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Emerson pianos have that rare combination of high excellence which appeals to every cultivated taste.

Their pure, powerful even tone, and responsive action fulfil the demands of the most exacting artist. Their thorough construction and great durability insure the musical permanence which gives deep and lasting satisfaction.

83,000 Emersons sold in 55 years. Can you doubt their superiority?

If you earnestly desire an ideal instrument at a price within reach of the most moderate [illegible] we, write without fail for our Catalogue and Booklet describing our **Various Beautiful Upright Styles and New Short Grand.**

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5% PER YEAR A FAIR RETURN ON YOUR SAVINGS

WE desire the accounts of conservative investors who seek profitable earnings on their money while being assured

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Send us 35 Cents and we will send you 35 of the best Comic Cards published. Each one is full of fun, and creates roars of laughter. Address

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AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE
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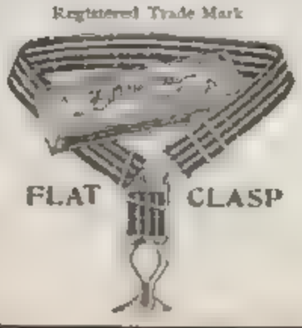

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Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspender

3 Trial Bottles 10c.

(To pay cost of wrapping and postage, sent prepaid)

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Eau de Quinine

Perfume Dentifrice

Take advantage of this offer and by a thorough trial—you will more than get your money's worth and will know by actual test the quality of the finest toilet articles produced in the world.

ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE HAIR TONIC is at once a necessity and a luxury. Cleanses the scalp—removes dandruff stimulates and beautifies the hair.

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WRITE NOW [illegible] age and packing [illegible] superior merit [illegible]

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Surely You Want One

Style Quality and 45% Saving

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ARE THE ESSENTIALS OF GRACE FURNITURE

Every piece is of perfect workmanship—hand finish—solid construction.

If you are planning *to buy even a single* piece of furniture—for chamber, dining-room, parlor, living-room, hall, library or den—let it be Grace. The Grace Furniture Catalog has over 100 pages beautifully illustrated.

SPECIAL [illegible]

116. Price $11.50.

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Grand Rapids, Mich. Grace

Grace Furniture Co.
Dept. J, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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60 VARIETIES

[illegible] Each box contains 60 pieces

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WILFRED L. BOOTH Dept. G, Elmira N. Y.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

[illegible]

J. W. COCKRUM 627 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

"No, I never did see him," replied Dan.

"Has he really got two trunks?" asked Mr. Barnum in a speculative manner.

"Can't say for sure, but they keep on saying he has, good and loud."

"Dan," said Mr. Barnum slowly, "we've got to have that elephant." And he reached for a telegraph-blank and sent the following message to Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper.

Will give you ten thousand dollars for Gib, the elephant with two trunks.
P. T. BARNUM.

The next towns the Bailey, Hutchinson & Cooper show visited were placarded up and down their streets with posters reproducing Mr. Barnum's telegram with photographic accuracy, and under it this line:

"That's how much P. T. Barnum thinks of the famous Gib, the only elephant in the world with two trunks."

When Mr. Barnum heard of it he meditated a while in silence and then he said: "Dan, it's not the elephant we want, it's that man Bailey."

And thus was the great partnership of Barnum & Bailey formed.

A Power o' Money

MR. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS tells of an amusing conversation overheard by one of his friends and related to him with a relish.

Shortly after Mr. St. Gaudens had unveiled his magnificent statue of Sherman near the Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park, his friend chanced one day to be standing in contemplation of the great shining figure when he became conscious that two Irish servant girls had stopped near him and were also considering the work of art.

"Nora," said one in her rich brogue, "what'll it be made of, would ye say?"

Nora did not know.

Silence followed for a few moments, and then the first speaker had another reflection forthcoming.

"It would 'a' costed a heap o' money, Nora," she remarked doubtfully.

Nora thought that it would.

Again a silence, and then the commentator spoke again:

"Nora," she said excitedly, "I wonder if it ain't made all o' gold, now?"

This was too much for Nora. She turned upon her friend with scorn.

"Gold!" she exclaimed indignantly. "No, it won't be made out o' gold. Why, if it was made out o' gold it wouldn't 'a' costed a cent under five hundred dollars, silly!"

Ill-Advised Advice

"Begin at the bottom and work to the top,"
Is first-rate advice to be giving.
Still it isn't the very best hint we can drop
To the man who digs wells for a living.
And though many believe that if they would excel
They must relish the work they're pursuing,
The well-digger oftentimes gets a long well,
Though he's quite above what he is doing.

—*Nixon Waterman*

Vedder's Profession

A FEW years ago a Milwaukee woman, Mrs. Lydia Ely, made a large and valuable collection of autographs which were gathered at much pains and expense, put upon specially water-marked paper, bound in a beautiful book with curiously wrought and locked clasps, and sold to a Milwaukee business firm for $10,000, the sum being applied to the erection in that city of a soldiers' monument of which Mr John Conway was the sculptor. The autographs included most of the notable names of Americans in the arts, as well as educators, members of the army, navy, judiciary, Congress, and so on through a long list of important people. These were asked to write their names, and below either some quotation from something of their own, a sketch or the like, or a "sentiment," and the name of their profession.

In nearly every case these requests were complied with, but in all that lengthy and imposing list of names making up the bulky volume, perhaps the most distinctive and characteristic was the response of Elihu Vedder.

"My name," wrote the artist upon the water-marked slip, "is Elihu Vedder. Those who do not know my profession need not know."

EDUCATOR SHOE

TRADE MARK STAMPED ON SOLE

"Lets the Child's Foot Grow as it Should"

MADE ALSO FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Made in Box and Russia Calf, Patent Colt. Strong, durable Oak soles. A pliable, neat and reliable shoe.

None genuine unless stamped Educator on sole

Sizes:				
INFANTS'	5	to	8,	$1.50
CHILD'S	8½	to	11,	$1.75
MISSES'	11½	to	2,	$2.00
GIRLS'	2½	to	6,	$2.50
BOYS'	1	to	5,	$2.50

By mail 25 cents extra.

Educator Rubbers Fit Educator Shoes.

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EDUCATOR WAY

Room for 5 Toes [illegible] Med. Sole—A Shoe Without an Equal

WRONG WAY

Pinched Toes, Corns, Bunions, Deformed Feet

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GIFTS 25 cts. to $25,000. Our catalogue (sent free) shows over 600 rich and beautiful gifts in diamonds, watches, silverwares, jewelry, china, glass, etc. Invaluable when buying holiday, birthday or wedding gifts. Goods sent on approval. Address:
MERMOD, JACCARD & KING, 401 B'way, St. Louis—400 5th Ave., N. Y.

50 Cents Secures this GREAT Reference Library

This magnificent work—costing $750,000 to produce—is a Dictionary [illegible] Glossary of definitions of words common, [illegible] five times its price. There are five big volumes (11 x 9½ inches in size), containing an inexhaustible mine of information on every subject and defining every word in the English language, with its derivation and pronunciation. We have secured a limited number of sets which we will close out on the easy monthly-payment plan. Our bargain offer takes off two-thirds of the price, and we pass the set on to you at less than half the price of any first-class reference work. We send the complete work at our expense, and if [illegible] to keep it first payment of 50 cents [illegible] paid for while you are using it.

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PLAYER FOLK

George Ade a Sad Man

THE flat failure of The Bad Samaritan and the cold reception accorded Just Out of College have made a sad man of George Ade; but for public use he still retains what he calls "a beautiful nerve." On the first night of the latter play he occupied an aisle seat down front, amid the assembled critics; and when he was called out by a friendly if sorrowing audience he said that no doubt they wanted him to exhibit himself so as to get at least one good laugh.

In private, as he confides to his friends, he doesn't dare show his face on Broadway, for fear of encountering his managers, R. W. Savage and Charles Frohman. His haunts are the nebulous purlieus of Third Avenue and Eighth. In the hours of his prosperity he once noticed a café over east of the Garden Theatre that seemed to be the haunt of disconsolate cabmen. He ventured in. Inside, he ran against Colonel Savage, who was similarly trying to forget it.

Again the Play's the Thing

THOSE critics who have been so sorely tried by the attempts of the commercial managers to manufacture stellar luminaries out of actors of the second class may take comfort from present conditions. For a year past the theatrical heavens have been filled with falling stars. In Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots last season three of these appeared, Fay Davis, Margaret Illington and Jessie Busley, not one of whom had a leading part—for the simple reason that there wasn't any in the piece. In Man and Superman this season, Fay Davis and Clara Bloodgood have parts which are subordinate to that played by Robert Lorraine, hitherto a minor actor, and not a very successful one, but now, for the nonce, a star. When occasion offers, of course, any of the lights that are at present on the blink may shine forth again. Fay Davis is soon to resume her former state in All of a Sudden Peggy. But the time is over, at least for the present, when even a first-rate actor can fill a theatre when not backed by a good play. Hamlet is quite approved in the observation—which, by the way, he never intended in this sense—that "the play's the thing."

The Child Mummer

THE success of children on the stage is a thorn in the side of the mature "professional," who is wont to attribute it to mere doting indulgence on the part of the audience. There may be other reasons. Children have the imitative instinct very strongly developed, and throw themselves into a part with a spontaneity and exuberance that is likely to evaporate in the long process of technical training. In The Prince Chap, one of the successful novelties of the season, the heroine is shown in three stages of her growth, from infancy to young womanhood—the part being taken by three different actresses.

The youngest, aged about five, makes by all odds the most favorable impression. She is full of quick vitality, artless and lifelike in a rapidly contrasting series of moods. The next older, aged about eight, already shows the conscious effort as well as the effect. The oldest, though still under twenty, has all the marks of the amateur.

Something must be allowed for the fact that the author, Edward Peple (a new and promising American playwright, by the way), has been most successful in creating the part of the younger child and least successful in that of the woman; but the fact remains that few child actors retain their charm as they grow up. The history of the stage is full of boy tragedians who have never developed into anything more than mere mimics. Elsie Leslie and Tommy Russell have done nothing of note since they played Little Lord Fauntleroy with such admirable artlessness. On the other hand, most of the great geniuses of the stage have developed late. Edwin Booth was an indifferent actor in his youth, and made no decided impression until his twenty-fifth year. Joseph Jefferson, though he first appeared on the stage as a babe in arms, never made his mark until he was in his thirtieth year.

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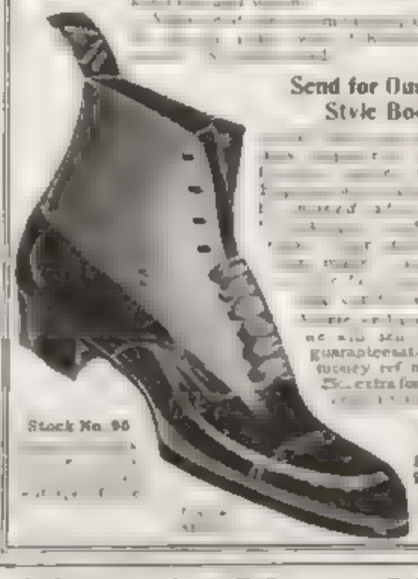

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SMATHERS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Scab! Scab! Kill the scab!"

The mob surged and roared about him. They would have rolled up the footboard like a wave had he not swung the controller around his head, prepared to dash out the brains of the first who got within his arm's reach. A brick spun past his head, and raised a scream of pain from a woman it struck in the breast. There was a cry of "Easy with them bricks! None of that!" But more bricks followed, hitting right and left, and renewed execrations, cries protests, scuffling and blows. Sam, dizzy and defiant, saw it all as in a dream. He tried to swear, to override the yapping with a formidable bass, to answer big and boldly, but his voice came in starts, womanish and unfamiliar, like a play-actor's. His throat was parched. His hair seemed to bristle under his billycock. The flesh of his whole body tingled and shrank like that of a swimmer waiting for the bellying sharks to snap at him. On either hand windows shot up, and he had a blurred vision of people looking down at him—pitying women with their hands clasped—staring men with cigars—waiters, hall-boys, an intent yellow Chinaman holding up a little child to see the fun.

Then the crowd with a sudden, strange, ominous impulse began to roll back from the car. An uproarious gang within, who had been wrecking the windows, the lamps, slashing the matting of the seats, tearing up the gratings, and dashing the fare-indicator into an unrecognizable tangle of cog-wheels and springs—the gang within ceased their pandemonium of destruction, and stampeded with a yell.

"Stand back, you blankety-blank fools! Stand back, or you'll get hurt. Give way behind there. Yes, YOU!"

Sam peered through the broken glass of the car-door, wondering what deviltry those bobbing heads were up to. There was a quick scattering of hob-nailed feet; an oppressive, terrifying silence; a faint crackling, spluttering sound—

The dynamite went off with a deafening detonation. The rear of the car rose twenty feet in the air, flinging Sam, sprawling and bruised, into the angle of the dash and alleyway floor; then it crashed back, the powerful steel fabric grinding against the parted truck, and settling on a cant. Sam groped for his controller, and slowly staggered to his feet. The car was derailed; its rear end, broken and twisted by the force of the explosion, was resting on the cobblestones; but steel is steel, and the front of the car was still unimpaired. As Sam hung unsteadily over the dash, bewildered at finding himself still alive and apparently unhurt, he saw, down a side-street, a singular swirl in the mob—then an unmistakable police helmet—then a flurry of police clubs darting over broken heads. A squad of eight policemen was stalwartly forcing its way toward him. For a moment Sam himself was lost sight of. All attention turned on that blue storm-centre as it fought forward foot by foot. Twice it was rolled back amid the yells and hoots of ten thousand maddened throats. Then it was seen advancing again, bringing with it as it moved the fierce, hoarse, growling sound of a desperate street battle. Up they pushed, these gallant eight, two of them bareheaded, one limping, another with a livid cheek from which the blood was streaming—slow, dogged, ponderous.

Sam's relief—Sam's joy and delight—transcended all words. Every thud of a baton was a personal satisfaction to him. He yelled, he huzzaed, he danced on his crazy perch like a maniac. He was now within the battle-zone himself; within the rim of that snarling, screaming, cursing hullabaloo of crimson faces and raining blows. He landed a few winners himself as the mob was crushed back.

Then a massive policeman bridged the gulf, and, with his companions bunched close behind him, swept up to the car in a final charge that carried everything before it. There ensued a tacit armistice, the contending armies regarding each other sourly over a neutral ground eight feet wide.

"Come along! We'll get you out all right!"

Sam stupidly regarded the policeman. What! Leave the car? Desert the company's property? Was that what the feller meant?

"Now, then, get a move on—not hurt, are yer?"

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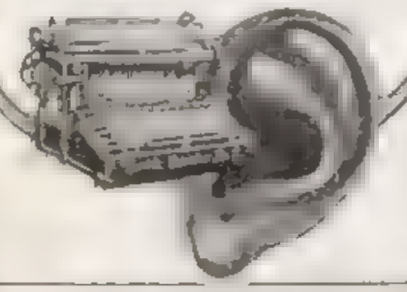

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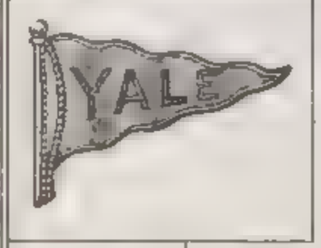

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Sam threw one leg over the alleyway railing. The act took but a second—yet in that second Sam did a lot of thinking. He saw himself back in Liverpool Jack's saloon again, back to the old, hopeless, forlorn, kicked-about life, back to that bench in the park—that everlasting bench, with the papers blowing across the grass. The company would never have no more use for him now. . . . Here he was turning tail just like the others . . . a quitter! . . . Through his dull, cloddish head he seemed to hear the superintendent's words: "*Stay by your car!*"

Sam lifted his leg back into the alleyway.

"Not me," he said huskily. "I'm going to stay by the car."

The policeman eyed him with amazement.

"You're bug-house," he exclaimed, and took a heavy grip of Sam's collar.

"Hands off!" cried Sam, twisting himself free. "Hands off, or I'll smash your block in!"

The old controller flew up again; the policeman dodged backward. There rose a strident roar of laughter at his unexpected discomfiture.

"Are you going to come or not?" demanded the policeman. "For if you ain't, it's right-about march!"

"Naw," said Sam. "My orders was to stay by the car!"

The policeman was dumfounded. In a helpless, bewildered manner he passed along the news to his companions. They consulted together, looking at Sam. What? Refused to be rescued? Did yer ever see the like of that in ten years' service? The mob, conscious of indecision, began to stir threateningly. The policeman with the cheek laid open took a step toward Sam.

"None of your fooling, now!" he cried fiercely. "You get out of that—and get out quick!"

It was all Sam could do to keep his legs from obeying. He hesitated visibly, fumbling at his badge to nerve himself to stay. Life at that moment seemed tremendously precious. What show did he stand, him one against thousands? . . . But if he could skin through it meant keeping his permanent job. . . . Sam Smathers, the motorman! Sam Smathers in his swell uniform and tilted cap! Sam Smathers, the sticker, taking his pay envelope at the desk! . . . *Stay by your car!* . . . He saw in memory the superintendent's upraised finger . . . *Stay by your car!*

He tried to speak, but the words failed. He was angered at himself for being such a coward. He could only shake his head. Then he saw them turn and go—eight broad blue backs—leaving him to his fate.

"Yah!" shrilled the crowd, closing in. "Yah, you scab! We'll fix you now,——!"

The superintendent was sitting in his cool, dark office as Mr. Heaton, the general manager, entered unannounced. Mr. Heaton was pale.

"Police headquarters has just 'phoned in that they've killed one of our men near Eddy and Market—tore him to pieces like savages."

"Official, is it?"

"It was Lees himself."

The two men gazed at each other across the table.

"Well, in some ways I'm glad of it—leaving out one's sympathy for the man, of course—but it's a good thing to bring it home to the people of San Francisco that a man can be murdered in broad daylight for no other crime than trying to earn an honest living. I count on this to swing public opinion right round!"

"Yes, there's that side of it—but, good heavens——!"

"What were the police about to give him no protection?"

"They don't seem to blame. Lees says the car was blocked, and then was dynamited and derailed. They managed to rush up a detail—and here's the queerest part of it: the motorman wouldn't leave! Said his orders were to stay by the car, and held off the police with his controller!"

"I don't believe a word of it!"

"I didn't at first—but it seems true."

"You don't mean to tell me that a sane man, blocked by a wagon, and his car wrecked with dynamite, would calmly stay and be murdered? It isn't credible."

"By Jove, it's a fact just the same! Why, I talked with the police lieutenant himself. Told them straight that he was going to stay by the car!"

The superintendent picked up the cigar that lay burning on his desk, rolled it in his mouth, still looking at his superior in irritated amazement.

"What a d——d fool!" he said.

The Headwaters of Justice

(Concluded from Page 6)

"Here was the missing link in the evidence. As the woman had fled from the place, she, that fateful night, had passed a drug store and noticed that the hands of the clock pointed to 8:16."

Another fact regarding the State's attorney's work must not be lost sight of; it is not a pleasant matter to consider—but few things in the prosecution of criminals are agreeable matters of reflection. We must learn how to get information from criminals. In the larger cities this is especially important. For numerous reasons (none of which need involve impropriety on the part of the State's attorney, his special detectives or the police officials) members of the criminal classes may be willing to impart to the authorities information which they already have concerning certain crimes. Generally the motive which induces a criminal to assist the police or the State's attorney in getting on the trace of the persons involved in a crime is a desire to "get a good stand-in with the authorities." Although the ethics recognized by criminals forbid a man to "squeal on his partner," he is not prohibited from a suggestion or clue to the police that may lead the latter to arrest the criminal with whom the informant has no special relations, and particularly one who is "in a different line" of crime.

Fear of the treachery of confederates is still another powerful lever in the hands of the public prosecutor in dealing with criminals. Let us suppose that three men have been arrested on suspicion in connection with a certain crime, and that they are actually guilty, although that fact is not as yet established. If one of these men is a weak character it is almost certain that one of them will turn State's evidence—particularly if the State's attorney is wise enough repeatedly to send to the jail and have them brought, one at a time, to his office. Why? If the weak man does not break down and betray his confederates, it is safe to conclude that one of them will say to himself: "That fellow's going to squeal; he's got no sand, and they're breaking his nerve. The only thing for me to do is to peach before he goes to pieces."

So far as possible, every State's attorney should, in all important cases, see the witness himself and himself visit the scenes of the crimes he is prosecuting. Nothing can take the place of intimate, first-hand knowledge—especially knowledge of men.

Again, he should always preserve an open mind on the matter of his theories of crimes. He should not permit himself to reject a certain clue or theory simply because he has previously adopted a different one. Many grave mistakes have been made because a prosecutor has felt constrained to "stand by" a theory that he espoused earlier in a case.

Still another important consideration is the prompt shadowing of suspected persons. Decisive measures of this sort have many times saved the day for the alert State's attorney. This necessity for prompt espionage applies to witnesses as well as to persons suspected of being principals.

There are two ways in which the people may help their prosecutor to uphold the law and to give a strong, clean and fearless administration of his office. Let reform organizations and civic societies be more zealous in furnishing the State's attorney with evidence and with legal and financial support than they are to furnish criticism, and marvels can be accomplished in almost every community. Any large reform organization that tackles a big and difficult campaign of prosecution should realize that the expense to the State is very great; especially if much difficult preliminary work is done. The organization generally expects to reap public credit if conviction is secured; it is, therefore, not at all improper for it to furnish some of the sinews of war. Certainly such assistance would often spell the difference between success and defeat.

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$400
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THE WATER-MEAD AFFAIR

Continued from Page

"What do you mean by friendship, and our circle?" she asked, to set him back into his place, her eloquent eyes again giving hint of his encroachment.

"Well, Maitland is my oldest and most treasured friend. He is to marry your sister. Therefore I had the temerity to include myself in the circle, and hoped to find friendship within it.

"It is strange I never heard him speak of you before."

"Not strange at all, Miss Erroll, when you consider that an hour ago I did not know he existed, nor was he aware that John Trumble cumbered the earth."

"Then what do you mean," she asked with indignation, "by referring to him as your oldest ——" she stopped abruptly, made a gesture of impatience with her two hands, and continued: "I suppose, like most women, I am deficient in a sense of humor, but I may say at once I do not like your style of it."

"Humor, dear lady!" he protested earnestly, leaning toward her, the empty cup in his hand. "Humor! You call what I have said humor, and entirely fail to see that it is the most pathetic thing you have ever heard! Here am I, a young man of twenty-seven, and I tell you, on my honor, that a stranger I met casually an hour ago is the only friend I have in the world. In God's name, where do you find humor in that statement?"

The girl half rose from her chair, gazing across at him with an expression almost of affright. The ring of sincerity was in his voice, and its tone disturbed even the placid old clergyman, who looked up for a moment from his book, smiled placidly upon them, and returned to his pages once more.

John Trumble, with a shrug of the shoulders and a shake of the head, cast off the mood.

"Let us get back to practical things!" he cried. "This morning I had the slightest of breakfasts: to-day no lunch: and this afternoon I have tramped miles."

"Looking for work?" she asked with sympathy

"I don't know what I was looking for: perhaps for this Garden of Eden which I seem to have stumbled into, manifestly to the discomposure of its guardian angel. But let the beggar at your gate implore another cup of tea, and a free hand with this ample plate of bread and butter. No; no cake, thanks. I confess to being exceedingly hungry."

"Oh dear, oh dear! here have I been acting critic, and utterly failing in my duties as hostess!"

She struck the hand-bell on the table with such passionate vehemence that her father nearly jumped out of his chair, then smiled on them and resumed his reading.

"Not hostess, Miss Erroll—patroness. You have already cast me out of the circle, and I am but the beggar at the gate."

The maid responded to the appeal, and was told to bring a fresh pot of tea and a plate of chicken and ham. Then Kate turned to her guest with a smile on her lips.

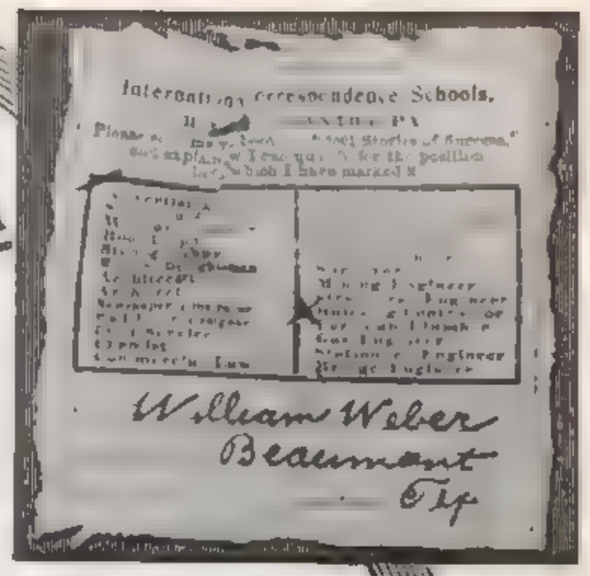
"I am afraid you are rather ruthless, Mr. Trumble. I have already offered you one apology, and now I appear to owe you another, but it seems to me you are rather emphasizing my deficiencies."

"With a purpose, Miss Erroll, and I bid you beware, or I'll pile more on your shoulders, unless now you will transfer the whole burden to mine."

"I do not understand you."

"I learned this afternoon that a beggarly twenty-five pounds stood in the way of the happiness of two worthy young people. I offered the man the money, and he took it in dazed fashion, thinking there was some trick, some catch, some joke; but when he found the notes were real and actually at his disposal, there rose before him the menacing figure of his future sister, Kate. She, whom he could not lie to, would never believe the truth. He forced the money back into my possession again. I ask you to admire that young man. Is there another in all London who, being tendered twenty-five pounds by a complete stranger, would not grasp the notes and run? You could not have persuaded me yesterday that such a man existed. Yet, having found him, I was amazed that he should be terrorized by a woman. There grew up in my mind the

THE COUPON THAT BROUGHT A MAN A FORTUNE



William Weber, of Beaumont, Texas, was a bricklayer earning a bricklayer's wages. His natural ambition was to be a Building Contractor, and so he asked the International Correspondence Schools how he could qualify himself for the work. The advice he received was so practical, so prompt, and so successful in its results, that he followed it and to-day is a big Building Contractor and Builder of Beaumont, doing a business of $50,000 a year. All this success is attributed by him to the I. C. S.

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Ornamental Designer	Stationary Engineer
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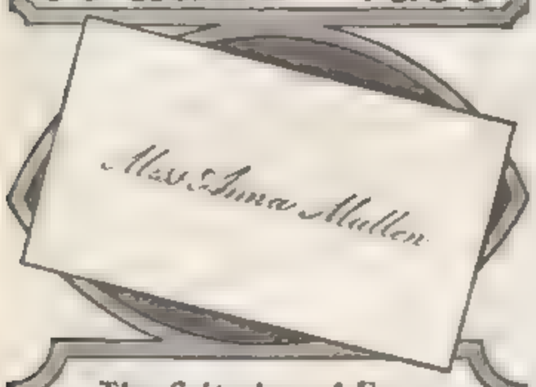

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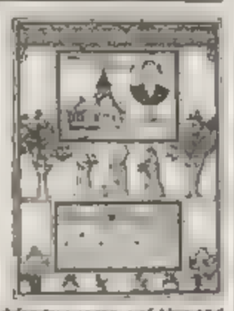

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"Money Raising plans for Church Workers."

picture of Kate: tall, I admit, but thin and vinegary; sharp features, compressed mouth, frowning brow; bitter with the world, or over-righteous, which is the same thing. 'Take me to Kate,' said I, 'and I'll force her to accept the money.'"

The girl watched him breathless, like one fascinated. When he paused she murmured:

"And you found the task infinitely harder than you had expected?"

"No, infinitely easier. Instead of harshness, I find sympathy; instead of old-maidish jealousy, I detect a sisterly affection too deep for mere words. Your attitude, as I came in at the gate, was typical of your position these months past. You have been standing alone: you have had to decide alone: this match did not please you; you thought your sister was stepping outside her circle, but her manifest love for her lover has caused you to push aside your pride and give your consent with a sigh."

As he spoke the girl's fine eyes wavered and fell, her slightly trembling right hand unconsciously sought her father's shoulder, and at its light touch the old man looked up, smiled, and resumed his reading again.

"Now, I have come to reassure you. I have come to prove to you that this young man is pure gold—the worthy mate of any girl. He is honest, steadfast, true-hearted and good-natured. I wish I could add that he is courageous—but how can I, when his admiration for his sister Kate is only equaled by his fear of her? I share the one feeling, but not the other, and, to prove it, here are the twenty-five pounds."

He placed the white notes on the white tablecloth before her, his eyes challenging a refusal. She sat there motionless and silent.

"I hear them making a move in the next garden," he cried, "and they will be with us in a moment! Conceal those notes quickly!"

Awakened to life, the girl reached for the money, and thrust it out of sight among the folds of her white gown, a rush of color obliterating the paleness which for some minutes had blanched her face. Without giving her time to rally he added cheerily:

"And please touch the bell again so that these evidences of my disgraceful hunger may be seen by no one but yourself."

Before the maid had quite finished clearing away the tea things, the boundary-gate opened, and the two young people brought in Doctor Mead with them.

An arrangement was quickly arrived at, and so John Trumble became chauffeur to Doctor Mead, driving a measly little single-cylinder motor-car which he despised, but which his mechanical ingenuity soon tinkered into a speedy machine that began to attract the attention of the police.

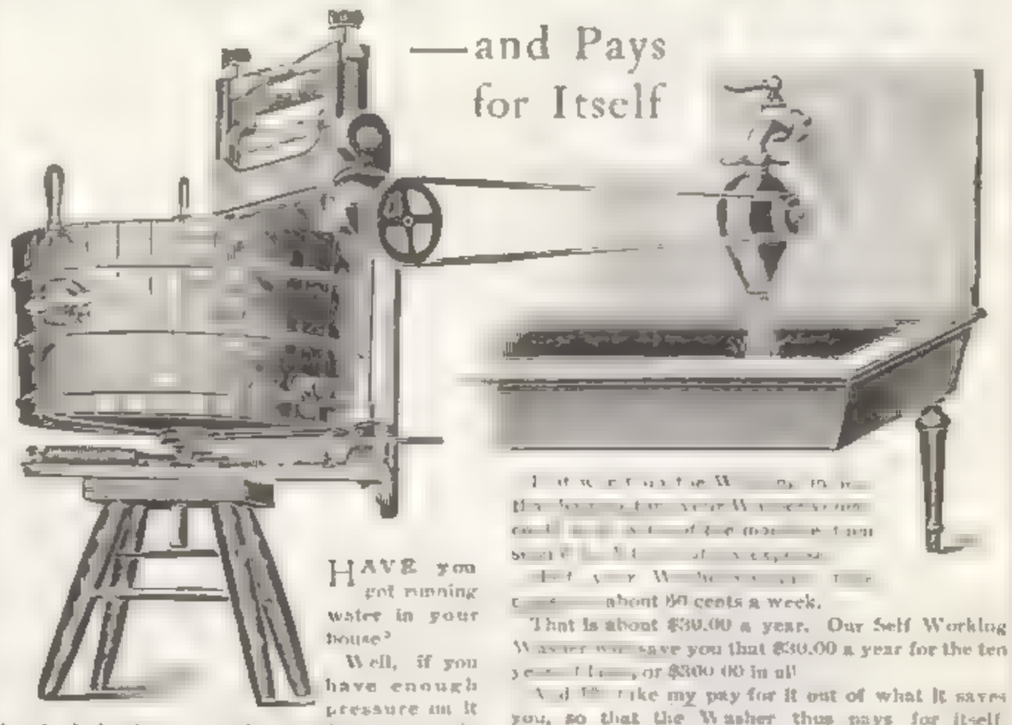
Trumble proved a very efficient chauffeur, and gave Doctor Mead the greatest possible satisfaction. The doctor was a quiet, grave, elderly man with a very extensive practice—a large part of it, alas, in slums, from which no revenue was derived, yet which was not neglected on that account by the conscientious physician. More and more he came to like the young man who sat by his side on the motor-car, and strangely enough one of the qualities he most admired in him was his extreme caution little dreaming that this careful mechanician was the person who had taken such risks to beat the Brighton Express. Often, during their visits to the slums, Trumble was called in to assist the doctor in some surgical case, and these visits to hopeless squalor turned his lordship toward a line of thought which had never occupied his mind before.

He found some difficulty in maintaining social relations with the Rectory, endeavoring, without success, to return to that state of confidential relationship with Miss Erroll which he had achieved on his first interview. When he ventured across the boundary-line his reception was more apt to be frosty than cordial, but the icy demeanor sometimes wore thin, and once or twice broke away altogether.

Her general attitude toward him was one of reserve, not unmixed with vague fear as was shown now and then by troubled glances which she bestowed on him. His own demeanor was that of an easy-going man of the world, completely immune from any dislike of him she cared to show, and evidently without the slightest notion that a chauffeur at thirty shillings a week occupied about the very lowest round of the social ladder. All the doctor's praises of the young man merely emphasized his humble position, and she wondered at herself for

The Washer that Works Itself

—and Pays for Itself



HAVE you got running water in your house?

Well, if you have enough pressure on it I'll make it do all your washing without any work.

You can just throw the clothes into the tub, turn a tap, and our new Self Working Washer will do the rest.

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I'll send you one of these Self Working Washers to your own house, on a month's free trial.

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I'll just trust any one I believe trustworthy with this whole machine. I'll take all the risk and expense of the Test myself.

If you find our Self Working Washer won't wash clothes without your doing a thing to work it but turn a tap, then send it back to me at my expense.

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[redacted] about 60 cents a week.

That is about $30.00 a year. Our Self Working Washer will save you that $30.00 a year for the ten [redacted], or $300.00 in all.

And I'll take my pay for it out of what it saves you, so that the Washer thus pays for itself. Remember this: If you find it won't do all that I say, and save you half your Washing each week, all you've got to do is send it back to me, at my [redacted]

[redacted] after the month's free trial—[redacted] 60 cents a week [redacted] what it saves you until the machine is paid for. Is that a [redacted]

Could I afford to send this Self-Working Washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight, if there was any trick in this offer?

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Will you try our Self Working Washer a month at my expense?

If you haven't got running water in your house, I'll tell you how this Washer can be worked without it.

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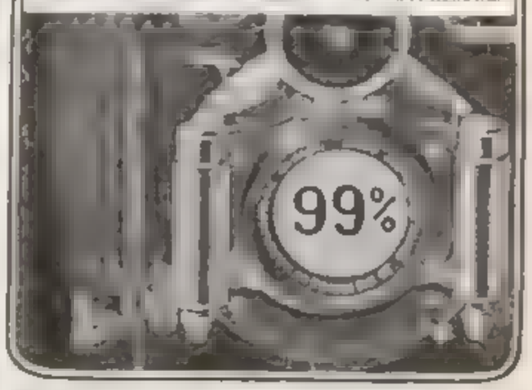

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permitting even an approach to friendliness, yet somehow it seemed quite natural when he was present. Sometimes, when they were alone, he dared to make an audacious remark such as should only be permitted to persons on the footing of the greatest intimacy, and she always remembered afterward, with burning cheeks, that she should have resented it at the time—which she had not done.

One afternoon he was rather astonished to find a note from her, asking him to call that evening at six. He found her alone, seated by the table in a secluded corner of the lawn. She seemed very radiant, as if something toward had happened. She invited him almost joyfully to sit down, and when he had done so, raised her hand from the table and disclosed five golden sovereigns lying there. He had never seen her so animated before, and her smile, he admitted to himself, was intoxicating.

"The first of five payments, Mr. Trumble," she said

"I hope you have not been goading those two happy young people about this little debt, or do you intend to inaugurate a new order of things altogether?"

"What new order of things?"

"The repayment of a loan. I never knew of borrowed money being repaid before."

"Why do you say a cynical thing like that? Don't you repay money loaned to you?"

"I have never been able to borrow any," replied Trumble with a laugh.

"I suppose," she said, frowning a little, "that it was your acquaintanceship with the Earl of Watermead which taught you to scoff at obligation."

"I admit I have thought of late that my association with his lordship has done me little good. Still, after all, even he is paying for his fun."

"Yes, under compulsion of the court."

"Well, Miss Erroll, he has always been rather generous to me, so I shall say nothing against him, except to wish him more sense in future. But as to this loan of mine, I don't at all need the money. I'm actually saving money at the present moment."

"What, on thirty shillings a week?"

"Oh, it's thirty-five. Didn't you know the doctor had raised me five shillings?"

"Please take the five pounds," she insisted. But he made no motion toward it.

"I don't like the method of payment."

"Do you wish it all at once?"

"No, I want it in daily installments, and I ask permission to call and dun you each evening."

"Mr. Trumble," said Kate, "once or twice already you have ventured to make a remark of that nature. If you knew the displeasure with which I listen to such an observation, I am sure you are kind-hearted enough, and"—she paused, then took the plunge—"gentlemanly enough not to repeat the cause of offense."

"The offense, Miss Erroll, lies not in the words themselves, but in the person who spoke them. If a friend whom you liked, and whom you considered a social equal, told you it would give him pleasure to see you every day, you would not be offended, but pleased. When I gave you the money, of which the gold on the table is part repayment, I told you that your mind had been perturbed because of your sister's impending marriage, and you did not contradict me. I now tell you that your mind is perturbed because of your own."

"Of my own what?" cried the girl.

"Of your own impending marriage."

She stood erect with blazing eyes.

"Sir, you are talking nonsense!"

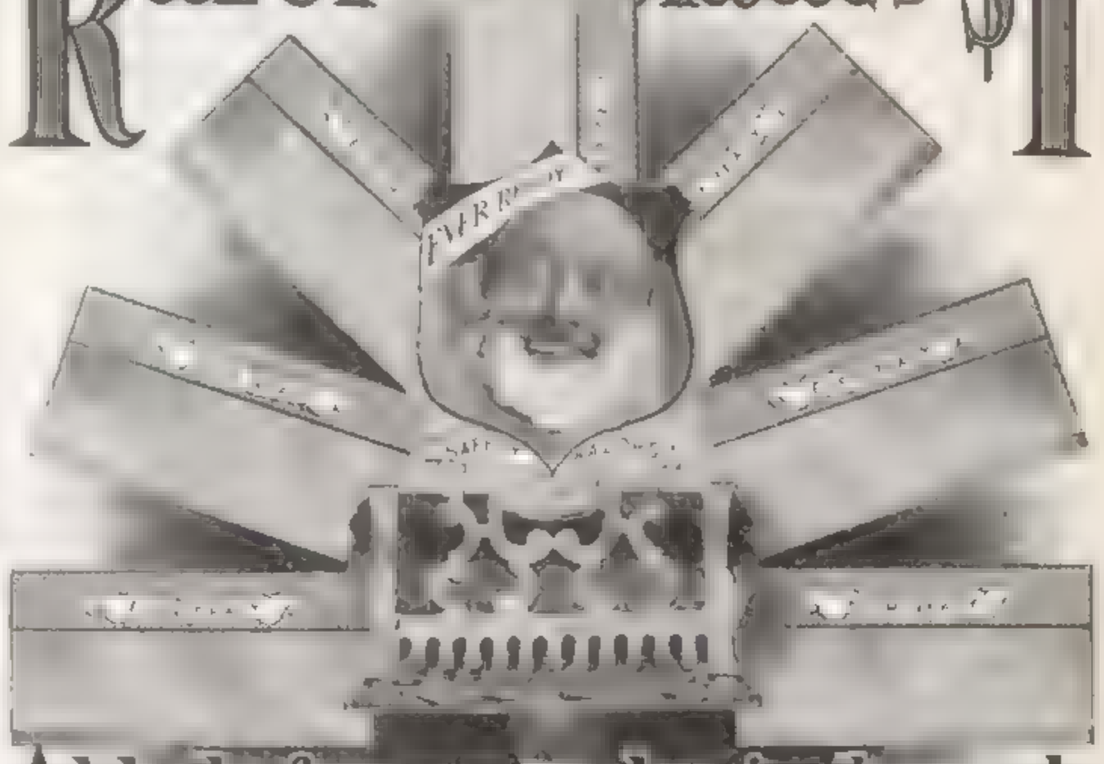
"No, I am not. You are saying to yourself, 'This man is impossible—impossible—impossible.' You are perhaps quite right, having regard to his present position. That position deters me from making you a formal proposal; nevertheless, six months hence things will have changed, and I warn you, Kate, that I am going to marry you."

Since the time of the Medusa a look cannot petrify, so Miss Erroll abandoned the attempt, turned from him, and walked with dignity into the house. The maid told her later in the evening that she had found five sovereigns on the tea-table.

Three months after the announcement of bankruptcy the ten-days' sale of the Earl of Watermead's effects caused a great sensation in London, and money seemed to be very plentiful, for in many cases the prices paid were enormous.

The automobiles were to be disposed of on the tenth day of the sale. Trumble asked for the ninth day off, and received it; whereupon, to the amazement of the aged

Razor and 7 blades $1



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[illegible] safety razors will be sold [illegible] every cutlery, hardware and jewelry store every [illegible] all dealers be yet, so [illegible] bring our dollar [illegible] receive your set, [illegible] guarantee of your satisfaction [illegible] "Ever Ready" facts FREE.

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who answers this advertisement (enclosing the coupon below) a Handsome, Permanent Toy, Beautifully Printed in Colors. We want one child in every family in the country to have

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If you have no children of your own, cut out this advertisement and send it to some child that you know would like to have it. **You can cut him out and put him together in a thousand ways.** Every antic is funnier than the last. ***First come, first served; but you will get them as fast as we can make them.*** This offer will not appear again. ***Send to-day.***

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Now, what does it mean when these orders for "another hundred, same as last," amount to several thousands a month?

It means that I have suited many thousands of men with my cigars. Among these thousands are cigar connoisseurs, and wealthy men who can afford to smoke what they please

Do not these facts warrant you in taking advantage of my offer?

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MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

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adds enjoyment to every dinner.

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Plymouth Rock

Plymouth Rock

Free Book

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 423 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

Mr. Rolls, he walked into his solicitors' offices

It was an alert, businesslike young man who called upon Mr. Rolls, and the man of law had some difficulty in recognizing this as the same person, languid and bored, who had left that room three months before with a hundred pounds in his pocket.

"How long am I to be in pawn, Rolls?" he asked briskly.

"Well, your lordship, the sale has turned out so unexpectedly good that, with the letting of Watermead, I think ——"

"Letting Watermead? To whom are you thinking of letting Watermead?"

"Sir William Dillow."

"What, that bounder? I'll never allow Watermead to be contaminated by him, even for a week!"

"I'm afraid, my lord, negotiations have gone too far and, if you will pardon me for saying so, you have really nothing to do about it until the debts are paid."

"How far short will the proceeds of the sale leave us?"

"That I can't say until to-morrow night If the automobiles go as well as the other things, I think we'll come out about even."

"Oh, it was regarding the automobile sale I wished to see you! I want you to bid in that Brusier-Grolier."

"I'll see to that, my lord."

"And remember, Dillow doesn't get Watermead."

"I'll do what I can, my lord," said Mr. Rolls, who was in more cheerful humor than when the Earl had last seen him.

When the young man returned to South London he said to Doctor Mead:

"Wouldn't you like to have an automobile that would carry four or five, so that you might take your friends out now and then if you wished to do so?"

"I have often thought of it," replied the doctor.

"I've spent to-day in looking round, and have found a man who owns a car several sizes too large for him, which he is quite willing to exchange for this little single-cylinder of yours."

"How much money does he want in addition?"

"He will trade even, I think."

So the ineffective single-cylindered machine disappeared, and the magnificent King of the Road came in its place, the innocent, unworldly doctor saying calmly, as he walked round it, that although it was a little large, he nevertheless believed that John had made a very good bargain.

From Miss Kate Erroll a formal letter came to the young man containing a five-pound note. He returned it in a communication almost equally formal, saying that the lending of the money had been a friendly, not a business, transaction. Unless, therefore, the repayments could be made on a friendly, not a business, basis, he refused to receive them, and was hers very truly, John Trumble.

To this there was no reply. A week later the doctor said to his chauffeur:

"The misses and I think of taking an afternoon off to-morrow in the new automobile, and Miss Erroll has kindly consented to accompany us."

"That will be very pleasant," said Trumble, "and I shall see that the machine is in perfect order."

Next day, after lunch, the big motor-car was in readiness. Doctor and chauffeur wore appalling goggles, and the ladies were heavily veiled.

"Would you like to sit with Mrs. Mead, my dear, while I sit beside our excellent driver, whom we must humor to-day, for our lives are in his hands?"

Before she could reply the chauffeur who was to be humored spoke up:

"It would be better if you took your usual place behind, Doctor. I am responsible for the balance of the machine, you know. Miss Erroll will sit beside me."

"Oh, very well!" said the doctor, and Miss Erroll, making no audible objection—how could she when she was the invited guest?—took her place beside John Trumble.

"Where to, Doctor Mead?" he asked.

"Anywhere you like, John. Get out into some quiet country road, and not too fast, remember."

John threaded his way very cautiously through suburban thoroughfares until he reached the country road that led to Watermead, where they bowled along at a rate close on twenty miles an hour. Miss Erroll kept a rigid silence, but once out in the country John turned to her brightly, and said:

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Webster's International Dictionary

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"You may speak to the man at the wheel, you know. It isn't prohibited as is the case on board ship."

"Really," she replied with a little laugh, "I thought the automobile needed all your attention."

"Oh, not a tenth part of it!"

"It is very pleasant. Is this as fast as the car will go?"

"Not quite. But I dare not put on full speed. I am under the doctor's orders, you know, as if I were an invalid."

Miss Erroll laughed, and the conversation was broken by a deep-toned "*Honk!*" to the rear.

Trumble cast a look over his shoulder, and his frame seemed to stiffen. He recognized the great Hardpan of Sir William Dillow. A professional chauffeur sat in the steering seat; Sir William and Dolly Carmichael in the tonneau. "*Honk! Honk!*"

"I think, John," said the doctor timorously, "that motor-car behind us wants to pass."

"Very good, sir; I'll give them all the road they require," replied John grimly

"I'm sure he wants to pass, John," cried the doctor nervously.

"I'm sure he does, too, sir," replied Trumble.

The motor-car was purring like a great cat, yet nevertheless the other overhauled her. The big, polished, shimmering brass lamps of the Hardpan came abreast the tonneau of the Brusier-Grolier.

"*Honk, honk, honk, honk!*" cried the Hardpan, for the road was none too wide. The deep bass voice of Sir William roared forth almost like his fog-horn.

"Hang it all, Lavier, why don't you get out of this dust? Pass them, man!"

"That's a Brusier-Grolier, my lord," said the man over his shoulder

"Bruise it, then. Put on everything you've got!" demanded the baronet

"Stop, John!" commanded the doctor; "stop, and let them pass! You're going too fast—we'll have a smash in a minute."

"Yes, sir, I'm doing my best," said John, bending his head.

"*Honk, honk!*"

"Are you going to let them pass?" asked Kate in a thrilling whisper.

What! With you beside me? Not likely! We've had enough of this fooling, now we'll show them why our number is fastened to the tail of the tonneau."

"Bravo!" said the girl, and for a moment her hand touched his arm.

"*Honk, honk, honk!*" cried the Hardpan.

"*Boom, boom, boom!*" replied the Brusier-Grolier

Hitherto it had been purring like a cat, now the sound increased and intensified until it resembled the roar of a tiger. There was no jerk or leap forward, but a glorious, steady increase that seemed to promise an infinity of reserve force in store. Hedges and fields flew past, and the strength of the blast pressed back into the doctor's mouth his unspoken words of alarm and caution. Great gates in front stood temptingly open, and slowing down, John passed through them and brought his car to a standstill The man at the lodge touched his cap, John slipped off his goggles, and the man almost jumped out of his boots, but before he could speak Trumble commanded:

"Close these gates! Bolt and lock them Bolt the small gate, too. Let no man inside without my permission. Send down word to that effect to the other entrances." And before the man could reply the automobile was tearing up the noble avenue until it stopped in front of the great house. Here were preparations for tea on the terrace. An old woman came out to them.

"Is this Sir William Dillow?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Standish. Tea for four on the terrace as soon as possible."

"Oh, my lord! Welcome home, my lord!"

"There, there, Mrs. Standish, run away and see to the tea!"

The man from the gates came whirling up on a bicycle.

"Sir William Dillow's there, my lord, and says he has a permit."

"You tell Sir William to go to—the next village, where he'll find excellent accommodation at the Red Lion," said Trumble

Kate Erroll had raised her veil, and was looking intently at the chauffeur.

"What does all this 'my-lord-ing' mean, Mr. Trumble?"

"It means, my dear, that John Trumble, Seventh Earl of Watermead, has still enough influence here to order tea for his friends. It means that to-day we are taking nobody's dust. It means that Watermead House hopes to please the future Countess."

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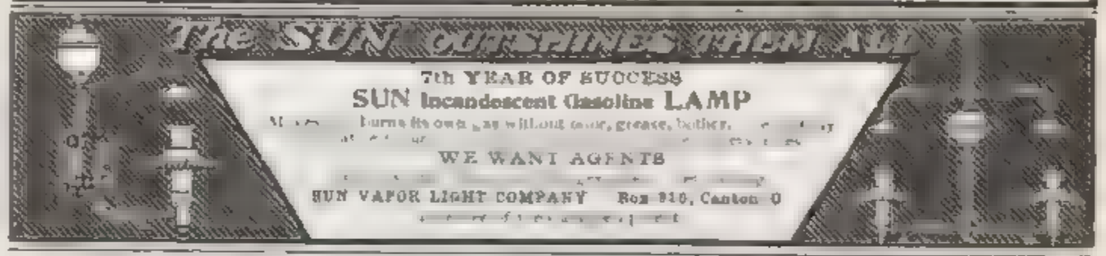
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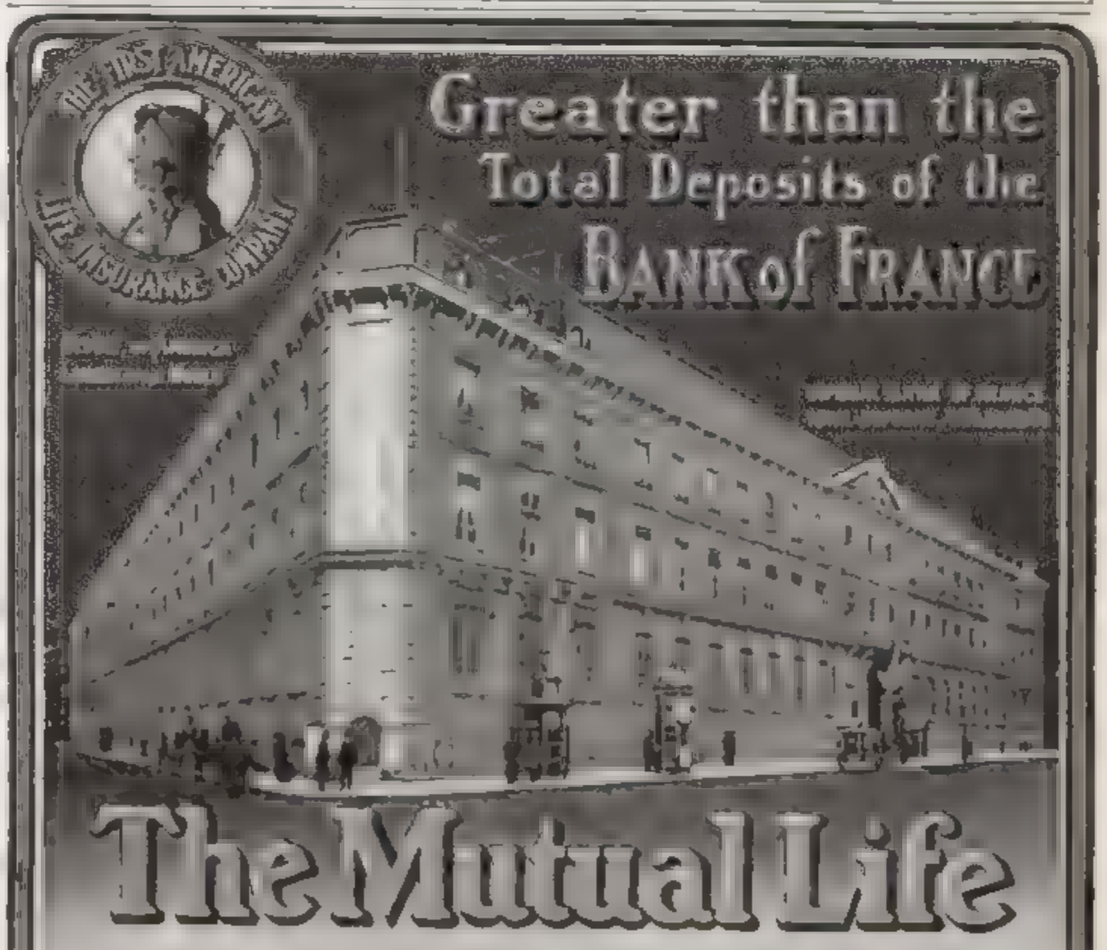

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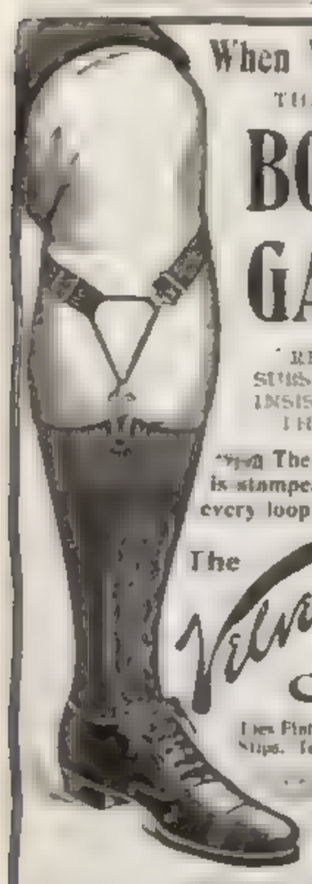

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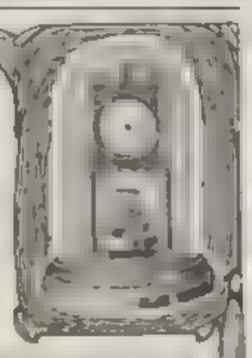

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His Father's Son

(Concluded from Page 15)

I don't know what happened then. I could not see, and stood shivering, while Pusey blustered and swore. When morning broke, I came to myself and I told him:

"If that money is on the face of the earth I'll bring it to you to-day. You can keep the agency. I'll go away. You can say what you will of me. But, if you once bring my father's name into this matter, I'll kill you!"

It was a black morning: the rain fell in torrents. I went up and down looking into every teepee where men had been drinking in the night. But I could not find him.

Pusey came to me at last. He was clothed now and in his right mind. He reasoned with me kindly.

"Woods," he said, "you are mad! Why should you ruin your life for a thief?"

"I took it! I did it! I will bring you the money!" I cried, and tore myself from him. I began to believe that I had taken it. No white man cares for his father as an Indian does. How could this miserable agent understand what that silent little lame man was to me?

I met Pytock at last, who told me that my father had gone down the river.

"He hear that one of the Sioux had the skin of a white fox, and he go to bring it for Shona," he said, grinning.

I hurried down to the river, passing Shona's lodge on the way. She was sitting inside, singing to herself, and sewing on some white stuff, for our wedding. In two days—our wedding!

I looked at her a while unseen, and then I said, "Good-by, Shona." And I went on. I found a canoe by the wharf and was pushing it out when I heard some one shouting to me.

It was Pusey. I did not answer him. There was no more to say. I got into the boat. But he caught me and dragged me out. Then I saw that his eyes were glazed and his jaws hung like a palsied man's. He gripped my arm and turned back to the agency. I went with him. When we were in the office he shut the door.

"There is the money," he said, pointing to the canvas bag on the desk.

I don't think I spoke at all to him. I was dazed, sick.

"It is all there. Count it. It was—my wife. I found one of the eagles in her basket. For God's sake, be merciful, Woods! She's nothing but a child. She said she wanted money to buy pretty gowns in New York. She has none. Poor, silly baby!" The man dropped his head on the desk and sobbed.

He and his wife left the Reservation that night. I had no grudge against them.

I knew that it was I who was guilty. The woman had only stolen the money. I had robbed my father of his good name. I had believed him to be a thief.

I married Shona. Together we have done what we could for our people.

The day that our son was born my father moved into a new cabin, and appeared ever after habited as the chief head man of the tribe should be. He played his last game that day with Pytock.

I said to him, "I thank you."

"Did you think," he said, "that I did not know what is due to the boy?"

Both white and red men have recognized his strength. Three times before he died he was called to conferences in Washington. My boy is known now as the grandson of Gray Wolf.

He was a silent man and never lectured me, but there was always something in his eyes that called me up to heights which I could never reach.

I am a dull, commonplace fellow. But I try to do my best.

Ready Retorts

TO A VERY tall, thin and dull man Jerrold once said: "You are like a pin, but without the head or point."

Jerrold has often been pronounced a wit of the first water. Such a jest rather shows him to have been a wit of the first vinegar.

Fanny Kemble used to tell of a witty saying of Washington Irving concerning the pomposity of a certain diplomatist: "Ah! he is a great man; in his own estimation a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes West, *the East tips up.*"

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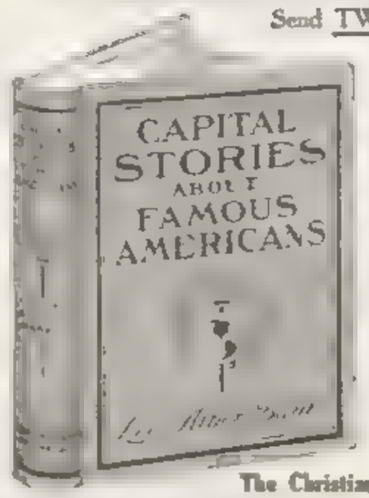

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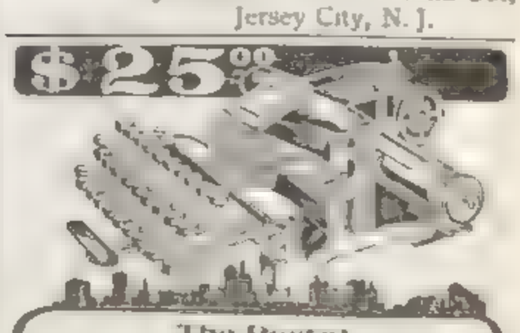

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J. W. Miller Co., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

The Crooked Trail

(Continued from Page 11)

quickened in his soul. He was still staring at the letter when Mr. Peter bustled in.

"I've heard from Ettelson," said the president solemnly.

"What?—Heard?" Peter ran to the desk, and his eager hand, dirty as usual, went out for the letter. Slocum gave it to him and waited while he read it twice over.

Mr. Peter laid the letter back on the desk and slowly cracked three knuckles in succession. "Well, that's bully!" he said with a deep and deliberate satisfaction. "But will he do it? Ain't he just joshing you? Why would he come back?"

"For the reason he alleges," Mr. Slocum replied, still solemnly. "He means what he said. He used to be a religious lad. He was a member of my Sunday-school class."

Then Mr. Peter remembered that funny foible of piety which this man was so amusingly stubborn about. "Oh, yes. No doubt," he said mollifyingly.

Peter's immediate acquiescence was a great relief to the president. Still he felt the weak man's necessity of justifying himself. "I don't like compounding a felony," he said. "Ordinarily I wouldn't listen to it. But this case is different."

Peter stared. "What? You don't mean you're thinking of letting Margrave off?"

"You see the terms," said Mr. Slocum.

"Terms! Terms with a thief!" the director cried. "Are we making terms with a thief?"

Mr. Slocum tugged miserably at his whiskers. "He puts himself in my hands."

Mr. Peter thought the case won. "That's where he belongs, ain't it? Who's bound to pay any attention to what he says? He talks about his soul; but he don't say anything about paying back our money. We'll just put that ad. in the Messenger and nab 'em both. They've got plenty of tracts for his soul down at Joliet."

In his security Mr. Peter had added the last fatal straw. The president clenched his two hands on the table and cried out: "It shall never be done! It shall never be done! You let religious subjects alone! This penitent man shall not be betrayed! We'll end it right here!" He took the letter, tore it across twice and flung it into the waste-basket.

The director worried his bristling mustache and regarded his friend thoughtfully.

"Well, I'm afraid you're making a mistake, Slocum," he said coolly. "I don't see how you can square yourself with the directors. Did the Bank of England put up its discount rate to-day?"

"You'll have to ask Mr. Voss," the president replied quietly and with dignity.

"I think we ought to mark up those corn loans a half-cent. Money's getting firmer," Mr. Peter observed, and took up his cap casually and went out.

Mr. Slocum's was not the kind of nature that can stand alone. His sensitive nerves went creeping and feeling for support as the tentacles of some animals go feeling for food. Presently he went out to the vice-president's desk and asked about the Bank of England rate and the corn loans. Then he sat down and told Mr. Voss of the letter.

"I suppose Mr. Peter is offended," he said with a dispirited but stubborn air. "I won't budge, however."

The morning papers were always laid beside Mr. Voss' plate at his breakfast. Next morning he took up the Messenger first and unfolded it at once to the column containing personal advertisements. As he fully expected, there was the advertisement which Ettelson had prescribed as a token that the bank accepted his offer.

Manuel Peter had taken the affair into his own capable hands.

Voss understood Peter's mental processes perfectly. Slocum had unfurled his banner and made his stand. That bit of heroism would be followed by a reaction. In the reaction he would not have the courage to see whether Peter had gone ahead in spite of him and put in the advertisement. He had shot his bolt and would now shut his eyes. Or, if he did see the advertisement there would be nothing he could do to counteract it without putting himself in the impossible position of actively furthering the escape of two criminals.

Mr. Voss considered. A copy of the Messenger would reach Toronto, where Billy's

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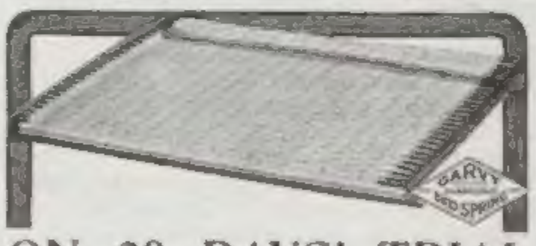

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letter was postmarked, that afternoon. No doubt the fugitives would be watching for it, and probably they would set out for Chicago at once. He did not know their address, for the letter had given none; so the chance of warning them by a telegram seemed slim. Besides, he had an odd feeling about it. He had played that card once, when he sent the warning to Billy. Finally, it had not availed. Fate was spinning her web and drawing the fugitives back to Chicago. It was time for him to take the other track.

He went down to the bank at the usual hour, carrying a suit-case with him. For some time, however, routine matters were neglected, and he busied himself drawing up some memoranda which were models of clerkly neatness and precision. He inclosed them in a stout envelope which he addressed to Oliver P. Slocum, Esq., People's National Bank, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A. On second thought he even affixed the postage, consulting a little guide in his desk to see the proper amount.

The day wore on at the bank like any other. In the afternoon Mr. Voss stepped into the president's office.

"I find I'll have to run down to St. Louis to-night on a little matter connected with my brother-in-law's estate," he said. "Probably it will keep me over Sunday."

The president was looking out of the bay-window and found the view depressing.

"Oh, yes," he said, and added: "I say, Voss, you've been looking seedy of late. You ought to have taken your vacation last summer. You'll use yourself up. Why don't you go on down to Pass Christian and stay a week? It will do you good."

"Well," said Mr. Voss, "I believe I will."

"Do it," Slocum replied heartily.

Three o'clock, the closing hour, came around. The crowd of customers departed, leaving the great banking-room to the clerks who were busy winding up the day's business. Mr. Voss talked with a late customer about the extension of a note, then dictated several routine business letters. When the stenographer went away to transcribe them, the vice-president began thinking about Ettelson's letter again.

There was something in it that was as grateful to his soul as water to a parched throat or bed to weary limbs. To atone—but it was getting late. He took a large document file from his desk, carried it to one of the vaults where papers were kept, and presently returned, leisurely, with the empty file under his arm. He was quite cool.

He stopped at the cage of the first paying teller and lightly shook the door of heavy wire to attract attention.

The young assistant sprang to let him in, and the teller turned his head, his fingers thrust through the stack of bills that he was counting.

"John, are we having any trouble about keeping a supply of small bills now?" the vice-president asked.

"The ones and twos are all right," said the teller; "but we have to keep after the Sub-Treasury for enough fives and tens. It keeps running into the big ones—hundreds, five-hundreds and thousands." He nodded to the cord of banknotes, counted and stacked up in neat packages, at the vice-president's elbow.

Mr. Voss put his empty filing-case on the counter and began casually looking over the packages, taking one up here and there, turning it over and replacing it.

"Do we get as much worn currency as ever?" he asked, still casually looking over the packages of bills.

"I don't know about that."

"Suppose you trot around and find out, Jackson," Mr. Voss suggested to the assistant. "Get a memorandum of how much they've handled the last two weeks."

"Yes, sir." The assistant ran out on his errand. The teller, impatient to get through, turned to his work. Mr. Voss glanced about, coolly filled his filing-case with bills of large denomination, and went out with it under his arm. The teller paid no attention to his going.

At his own desk it was very easy for the vice-president to transfer the money to his suit-case, along with the sealed and directed memoranda that he had prepared that morning.

He calculated that the fugitives would very probably leave Toronto that afternoon. He did not know that, immediately after posting Billy's letter, they had crossed the border and, at this moment, were only an hour's ride from the city.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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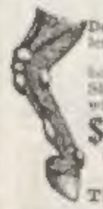

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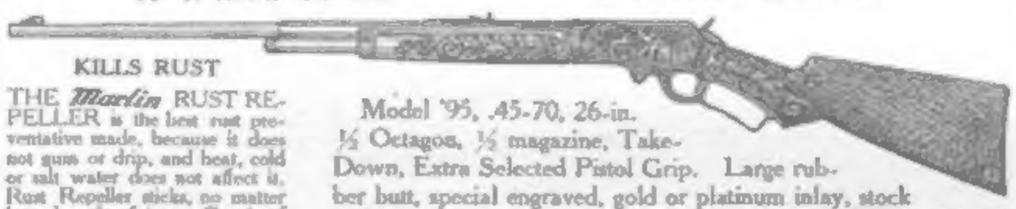

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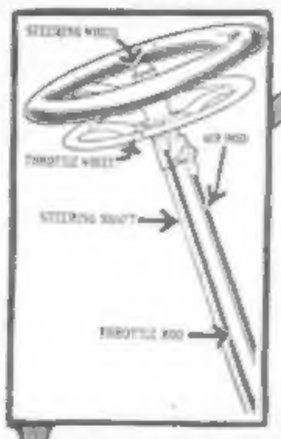
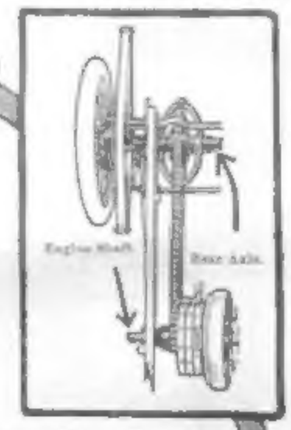


Rambler



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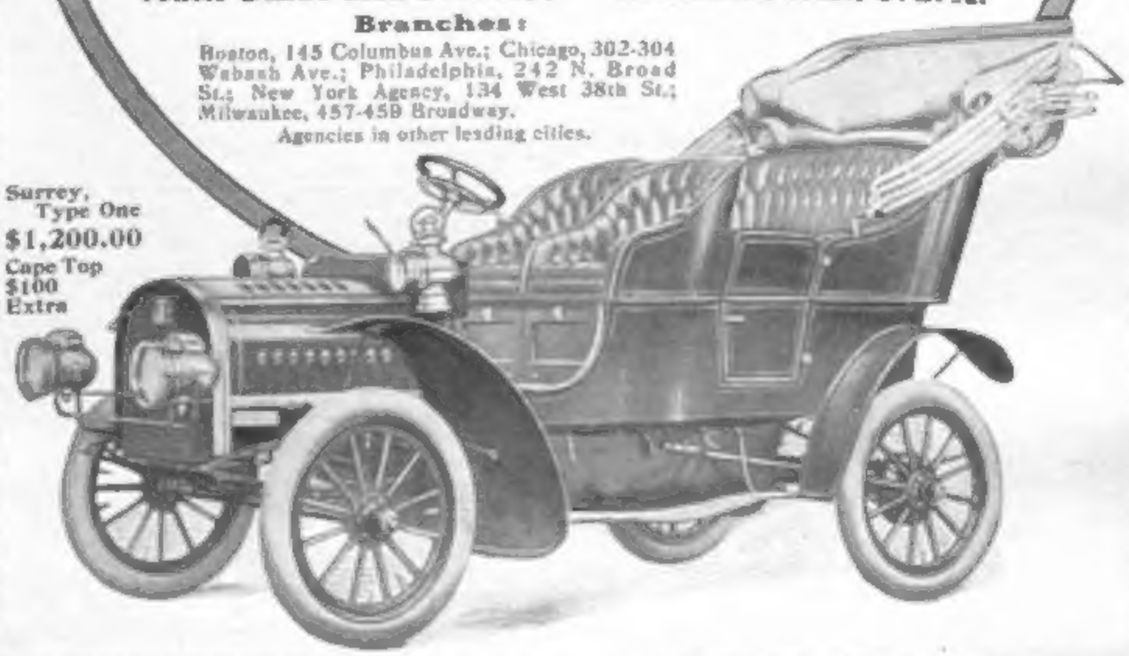
Boston, 145 Columbus Ave.; Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Ave.; Philadelphia, 242 N. Broad St.; New York Agency, 134 West 38th St.; Milwaukee, 457-459 Broadway.

Agencies in other leading cities.



Surrey, Type One $1,200.00 Cape Top $100 Extra

OF all delights devised by art of man to gild prosaic life with simple joys, none quite compares with sweet Nabisco, and none receives more generous welcome.

Where friends gather for social cheer, where dignitaries dine in state, where the family meal is spread, where merry children feast and play, there you find Nabisco Sugar Wafers queen of all desserts.

They have attained pre-eminence among dessert confections, and always hold their rightful place on the menu, indicating that refinement of taste which transforms the business of eating into the fine art of dining.

Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Vanilla, Mint.

FESTINO—another confection in the form of an almond shell, containing a melting morsel of cream outrivaling the sweetness of the nut.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY